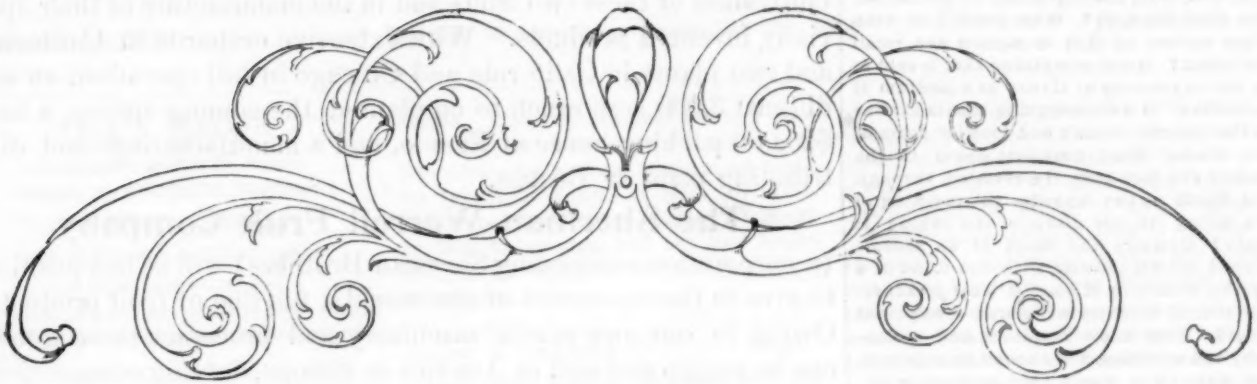


Christian Advocate

Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1899



The Late Dwight L. Moody



THE GOSPEL OF EXPERIENCE

IT is no Gospel to the world to announce that Christ died. But if we are able to say that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures, and that He rose again the third day, then we have the Gospel, we have the one revelation that can pour a new life into dying and dead humanity.

Now this in essence is the message of the Apostles. It is a redeeming message. Our ethical teaching came straight from Divine lips, even from the beginning of revelation. But what did it do? What could it do even when spoken by God to ransom and recall the world? Grant everything that is said as to the superiority of Christ as a medium of revelation. Grant everything that is said as to the superior beauty and lovelier form of His words. What does that count in the face of the fact that He revealed through His Spirit by the Apostles the meaning of His laying His life down, of His taking it again? Compare the mind of an accomplished ethical lecturer with the mind of a humble Primitive Methodist local preacher. Our ethical teachers write well — very well indeed. They know literature and philosophy and criticism, and abound in allusions. Yet what effect would they produce or deserve to produce if they stood on a chair in the village street to deliver their message? What effects have been produced by the rugged, uncultivated, loud-voiced man who stands up to declare the great salvation? He gives out the hymn —

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

His listeners, or some of them, feel at once that the secret of the world has been told.

In the next place, it is surely a most serious confusion to argue that our Lord's infinite elevation of character above the Apostles made Him on every subject a better medium of revelation than they. It can be made plain by the simplest illustrations that the fitness of the medium depends entirely on the subject matter he has to convey. Suppose the news comes to a country parish that a soldier is dead. His young widow is in the village ignorant of her fate. Who is to convey her the news? Shall we say the most gifted, the most innocent girl in the parish? Shall we say the most brilliant talker in the place? No, we will go to the poor old woman who can hardly read, but who has gone through life's bitterest agonies and survived them, and surmounted them, and kept her heart sweet and pitiful through all. Let her go to the bereaved girl, and probably her literary expression will be contemptible enough. Perhaps she may not say a thing, but merely look with the tears running down her furrowed old cheeks. Graceful, fluent sentences there will be none in her talk, but the word that comes from the depths of a deep heart through the caresses and the tears will be infinitely more comforting than anything that a master in language could say.

Take another instance. A prodigal is obstinate in his wrong-doing. Shall we send to speak to him one whose life from end to end has been nobly and simply pure? Perhaps; but we should have greater faith in the appeal of one who had sinned and suffered and repented. How is the message of pardon, the message of reconciliation to God through the death of His Son, to be conveyed to guilty, hell-deserving, hopeless sinners such as we? How will it come most nearly home? Surely through one who can tell us the experience of the reconciled. Let it be remembered that in the very nature of the case our Lord could never tell us that. He was not alienated one moment either in the life of eternity or in the life of time from the Father's heart. And so of His

FIGS and OLIVES

Have been largely the food of the Oriental for thousands of years. Among Anglo-Saxons these fruits are simply incidental luxuries. Some fifteen years ago Sherman brothers, of New Castle, California, began the study of evolving food products from the fig and other fruit. They have now become experts both in the cultivation of these two fruits and in the manufacture of their specially invented products. With extensive orchards in California and two plants in California and Chicago in full operation, an additional 3,000 acre ranch to be planted the coming spring, a new \$25,000 packing house at Fresno, and a manufacturing and distributing plant at Boston,

The Sherman-Worrell Fruit Company

(a corporation succeeding Sherman Brothers) will be in a position to give to the consumers of the world a full line of fruit products. Owing to our own special machinery and processes these goods can be put up and sold in America or Europe, defying competition. The earning power is therefore practically unlimited, and we anticipate a division of very large dividends to the fortunate stockholders. Our prospectus will be mailed to any one on application.

If you are interested, act promptly, or you will be too late for the late special terms. Mail or bring to us your order now. Office hours 9 A. M. till 5 P. M.

THE SHERMAN-WORRELL FRUIT CO.,

Room 302, Congregational House - - 14 Beacon Street, BOSTON, MASS.

great goodness He has put it into the heart of His ransomed to tell the story of deliverance. He has inspired them to tell it truly, perfectly, absolutely, once for all. This is of His rich grace, and is it not blasphemy to suppose that He would dream of condemning the seekers for salvation first approaching Him through His own messengers? And is it not true that better to the guilty sinner is the revelation from a brother sinner saved than the revelation through the Uncreated Beauty and the Purity whose touch is fire? Is it not through St. Paul that we enter most easily into the mystery of Crucified Love? And is it not in fellowship with men climbing the same steep ascent that we learn, like them, to love perfection, and to follow it with a kindling, brooding, half-bridled hope. — *British Weekly*.

SPECIAL OFFERS FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

IN order to increase the circulation of our paper, and at the same time make it possible for our ministers and others to add to their libraries, the publisher makes the following offers: —

I

To the minister of any Methodist Church of over 300 members, who will secure the largest number of bona-fide new subscribers for one year to ZION'S HERALD on or before Jan. 15, 1900, a special cash prize of \$25 will be given, provided that at least twenty new subscribers are secured.

II

To the minister of any Methodist Church of more than 150 members and less than 300, who will secure the largest number of bona-fide new subscribers for one year to ZION'S HERALD on or before Jan. 15, 1900, a special cash prize of \$20

will be given, provided that at least 15 new subscribers are secured.

III

To the minister of any Methodist Church of less than 150 members who will secure the largest number of bona-fide new subscribers for one year to ZION'S HERALD on or before Jan. 15, 1900, provided that at least ten new subscribers are secured, "The University of Literature" will be given, consisting of "A cyclopedia of universal literature, presenting in alphabetical arrangement the biography together with critical reviews and extracts of eminent writers of all lands and all ages." Editor-in-chief, W. H. DePuy, LL. D. (20 vols., 12mo, half-morocco, \$35.)

IV

To ANY PERSON who will forward the name of one bona-fide new subscriber, and \$2.50 for the same, will be given either of the following books, postage prepaid: "Honey from Many Hives," by James Mudge; "Through Nature to God," by John Fluke; or any other publication of the Methodist Book Concern, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., or Harper Brothers, which retails for \$1. If a higher priced book is desired, the \$1 will be allowed on the retail price of the same.

It is a condition of these offers that those who compete for the prizes shall not receive the book premiums.

GEO. E. WHITAKER, Publisher.

Zion's Herald

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Number 52

Zion's Herald

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.
GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher
PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Death of General Lawton

A leader has fallen. Henry W. Lawton was less than eighteen years old when he enlisted as a soldier in the Ninth Indiana; he held a captain's commission at nineteen; and he has been one of the most tireless fighters of modern times. His contest with the Apaches won him a name second to none in the long list of Indian campaigns. He was the hero of El Caney; and a typical hero he was. Standing six feet, three inches, in height, he weighed more than two hundred pounds, and it seemed as if every ounce of it was bone and sinew. As soon as there was peace with Spain he was eager for the Philippines, and his work there has been of the same pattern as that done in his Indian campaigns. Called from his work in the northern part of Luzon last Monday week, he was sent to clear out the Marikina valley, to the south of Manila. Having attacked San Mateo, he was walking in front of the firing line when the bullet of a sharpshooter instantly killed him. He is the first officer of his rank to fall since the outbreak of hostilities with Spain in April, 1898. To no one officer of the army is the country more indebted than to him.

Expansion in the South

It will surprise many people to learn that the new South is paying annually \$350,000,000 in wages to those employed in its manufacturing establishments; that it has more than a billion dollars invested in them, and that the annual output is valued at a billion and a half of dollars. It has \$125,000,000 invested in the manufacture of its own cotton, and last year consumed no less than 1,400,000 bales, using five million spindles. It is producing 2,500 tons of pig iron, 40,000,000 tons of coal, 750,000,000 bushels of grain, 10,000,000,000 feet of lumber, and nearly 11,000,000,000 bales of cotton. Its railway facilities have been improved so that it now has 50,000 miles in operation. It is less than thirty years since the whole South was desperately poor, its resources were almost unknown, and its transportation facilities were those of the eighteenth century for the most part. The new wealth far exceeds that which it possessed when it owned millions of

slaves. When it has once learned how to make the most of the Negroes who live within its borders, it will need to ask no favors of North, or East, or West. The new industries are helping the South to this knowledge, and the new Negro will yet do much to add to the general prosperity.

Hysteria in Wall Street

Last week was a bad week for the holders, and for most of the manipulators, of stocks. London was forced to raise money, and naturally enough the American securities were offered for sale. With the present outlook in South Africa, a tight money market, and a large demand for gold, these securities sold low. New York caught the fever, and for a day or two the most extravagant rumors prevailed; but money was poured into New York, the National Treasury came to the relief of the market, and by the end of the week there was a much better tone. Various causes are assigned for the general demoralization which seriously affected the value of perfectly safe investments, but no sufficient reason has yet been found. The tremendous over-capitalization of so many industrial trusts is doubtless one of the chief contributing causes. Most of the banks have looked with extreme suspicion on the stock of many of these concerns, and in some cases have declined to receive them as collateral. There is something radically wrong in the management of many of our leading industries. This is shown in a very clear light in the case of copper. With copper selling at nearly four cents a pound higher than a year ago, the shrinkage of copper share values, since last spring, amounts to almost \$200,000,000 — one-fourth of this shrinkage having occurred during the present month. That an unrivaled season of prosperity should result in such wholesale demoralization of values shows a blunder of such stupendous magnitude as to constitute a crime.

Good Work in Cuba

The proclamation in which Gen. Brooke announces the transfer of his authority as the supreme authority in Cuba is not only a model one, but it reveals an administration so thorough and efficient as to be a marvel. Only a year ago Cuba had no semblance of government. Under the wise management of the military authorities, municipal and provincial governments have been organized, and are now administered by citizens of the island. The courts have been reorganized, law and order have been reinstated, and the industrial conditions have been a thousandfold im-

proved. All signs point to a new era of prosperity, and to a full restoration of the social and political life of Cuba. This is a great work. To have been largely instrumental in doing it at all is an honor; to have accomplished it in a single year is a distinction which few men have ever attained. Gen. Brooke is not such a favorite with the Cubans as his successor, Gen. Leonard Wood, but if the latter shall succeed in doing as much to advance the interests of Cuba, in 1900, as Gen. Brooke has in 1899, the work of the United States in that island will be near its accomplishment.

Taxing Rental Values

The Supreme Court of Ohio has decided that the Bell Telephone Company should be taxed on the rental value of its instruments. Heretofore it has been taxed only on the actual cost. Now the cost is only \$3.40 for each instrument, so the tax was inconsiderable. The net returns for each instrument in the State are given as \$14. Reckoning interest at six per cent., the court decides that the tax should be levied on \$233 instead of on \$3.40. This means an increased taxation of more than \$80,000 in the State of Ohio alone, even after making the reduction of one-third which is customary in the assessment of taxes in that State. It is a far-reaching decision, and will doubtless be bitterly fought by the monopoly; but that it is just, will not be questioned by those who have to bear the burdens of taxation.

Constitutional Revolution in Belgium

Although Belgium had only 1,407,000 voters in 1897, there were 2,170,000 votes legally cast. Every citizen, twenty-five years old, whose tax amounts to one dollar a year, is entitled to one vote; if he is married, he is entitled to a second vote when he reaches the age of thirty-five; if he owns a small amount of real estate, or is possessed of government bonds yielding twenty dollars per annum, he is entitled to a third vote. Second and third votes are also given to such as have received certain academic honors, or have filled certain offices. There is considerable opposition to the system, and a demand for a new law giving a single vote to every male citizen, but the opposition is not strong enough to carry out its wishes. It has succeeded in so modifying the present law as to afford some recognition to the minority. The Clerical party, because of certain advantages which it possessed, elected 112 of the 152 Deputies of the Belgian Parliament at the last election. The electoral reform bill which has recently been passed provides for proportional representation, so that a bare majority

will not be able to elect all the Deputies from any political division. The number of Deputies will be decided by the proportion of the votes cast by the three parties — Clerical, Socialist and Liberal. Its working may be seen in Brussels. There the Clericals elected eighteen Deputies under the old law; under the new law, with precisely the same number of votes, they will elect but seven. The Clericals confess that it means a loss of the power they have held, while the Liberals hope to return to the leadership again. The successful passage of the bill puts a much better face on Belgian affairs.

Progress in the Philippines

The latest news from Colonels Hare and Howze, who are in pursuit of Aguinaldo, is dated Dec. 17. They were making their way through the mountains, and have probably reached Aparri by this time, unless the reports of Aguinaldo's whereabouts cause them to turn towards the south again. The 16th Infantry has been sent to Aparri, and will occupy stations south from that point as far as Bayombong. Nearly all the Spanish prisoners have been released, but Lieut. Gilmore has not yet been found. Everything indicates that the territory within which Aguinaldo can continue to play his game of hide-and-seek is becoming more and more contracted. The occupation of the whole of the Cagayan valley will soon be completed; the northern and western coasts are already in the hands of the Americans, and the retreat of the Filipinos to the mountains in the eastern part of the island has been cut off. The 44th Infantry has been sent to Iloilo, and the 26th has been recalled to Manila. Panay, Negros and the adjacent islands are all reported quiet. The railroad is open from Manila to Dagupan, and all the ports of northern Luzon will be declared open for commerce on the first of January.

Von Wittek Succeeds Clary

Count Clary has given up the task of trying to manage the political affairs of Austria-Hungary, after a trial of about three months. The former cabinet lasted twice as long, and accomplished considerably more. The persistency of the Czech obstruction resulted in a complete blockade of parliamentary business. The Reichsrath adjourned last Saturday, and the Emperor has appointed a makeshift cabinet which cannot be expected to do more than save the empire from chaos. The former minister of railways, Dr. Von Wittek, is made president of the council, the portfolio of national defence is continued in the hands of Count Welserheimb, and Dr. Stibral will continue to act as minister of commerce. Dr. von Ohlendorfski is designated a minister without a portfolio, and the other departments are committed to the chiefs, who acted in that capacity under the Clary ministry. The Czechs are not likely to be satisfied with the arrangement, and another cabinet may be looked for very soon. It is only respect for the Emperor and sympathy for his misfortunes that keep

the contending parties from an open outbreak.

Lord Roberts

Lord Roberts, the newly-appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in South Africa, is regarded by many military authorities as the foremost general which Great Britain has produced for seventy five years. Although very small in stature, he has distinguished himself in numerous battles during his many years of service. Beginning as a lieutenant in 1851, when he was nineteen years old, before he was twenty-five he had won the Victoria Cross for a series of gallant feats at the battle of Khodagange during the Indian Mutiny. In his younger days, in India, he was described as "quick as lightning and tough as steel." His chief fame rests on his march from Kabul to Kandahar in 1880. When news was brought to him at Kabul of the defeat of General Burrows at Maiwand, and the retreat of that general to Kandahar where he was besieged by Ayoob Khan, Lord Roberts started with a force of ten thousand men to relieve him. At the end of three weeks, during which no word was received from the retreating army, Lord Roberts appeared at the besieged city and won a brilliant victory there. His departure last week from London for his new field of duty, was the signal for a great popular demonstration. He is the hero of the English people, and it is to him, as a great commander, that England has turned to retrieve the disasters which have befallen her troops in South Africa.

Tension Unrelaxed in South Africa

The latest authentic despatches from South Africa indicate that there had been no change in the situation up to last Sunday noon. Whether formal or informal, a truce is being kept by both forces for the observance of Christmas. The news from Gen. Buller, in the west, shows his situation less desperate than the first reports indicated. The indications are that he will not be able to recover the loss of eleven guns, and the casualty list contains more than eleven hundred names. The unexpected defeat naturally depresses the spirit of his men, but his position appears to be safe from successful attack. The worst news from Ladysmith is the report of the prevalence of enteric fever, but Gen. White still keeps up a show of activity, and the prospect of the capitulation of the beleaguered city is not immediate. The position of Gen. Methuen, in the east, is much more critical. The Boers have been busy in extending their fortifications, and it looks as if a direct advance were well-nigh impossible. Gen. Gatacre is hemmed in, and, with the open hostility of all the population in his immediate neighborhood, he is not likely to attempt further hostile demonstration until he is reinforced. Gen. Warren was reported at DeAar, from which point he was supposed to be on his way to relieve Methuen; but a later despatch states that he took his forces to Durban and that he will report to Gen. Buller. This would indicate that the condition of Ladysmith is such as to demand every possible effort

for its relief. There is little doubt that the Boers in the northern part of Cape Colony, as well as in Natal, have become more pronounced in their sympathy with their kinsmen of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. This accounts for the inaction which has marked the campaign since the three serious reverses of the previous week. That the disaffection is not more demonstrative in the lower part of Cape Colony, is largely due to the business interests of the Dutch. It is the farmers and the borderers that are making the most trouble for the British.

The disasters which have checked the progress of the British army have not occasioned any signs of panic in England. On the contrary, the English people show great coolness, good sense, and an ardent patriotism. It was a dismal Christmas season, such as has not been experienced since the terrible days of the Crimean war; but the faith of the people in the army, its generals and its soldiers, has not wavered for an instant. The volunteers are responding with practical unanimity, and Lord Roberts will have an army of 160,000 men before another month shall have passed.

Events Worth Noting

Congress adjourned for the holidays on the 20th, it will reassemble, Jan. 3.

M. Déroutede, the alleged Royalist conspirator, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment by the French Senate, sitting as a High Court of Justice.

Philadelphia is to have an orphan school for girls; it will be patterned after the Girard College for boys.

Negotiations have been opened with Ecuador for the transfer to the United States of Chatham Island, one of the Galapagos group, to be used as a coaling station.

The President has officially declared that the name of our new possession in the West Indies is "Puerto Rico."

Admiral von Diederichs, with whom Admiral Dewey is said to have had some slight misunderstanding at Manila, has been appointed chief of the German naval general staff.

The railroad construction in the United States during the past year has been about twice the average of the last five years.

Gen. Yule, who led the British retreat from Glencoe and Dundee to Ladysmith, has returned to England. Mortification, combined with illness, has driven him insane. He is the third general Great Britain has lost during the last three months.

Representative Roberts is not the only applicant at the doors of the present Congress whose seat is likely to be declared vacant; the Montana Supreme Court has unanimously decided that one Welcome is guilty of bribing the members of the Legislature that elected Clark to a seat in the Senate.

The Urgent Deficiency bill calls for an appropriation of \$51,000,000. Of this amount \$45,000,000 is for the War Department, and \$3,143,000 for the Navy Department.

THE IMMORTAL YEARS

WHEN the bells strike twelve times on the last night of December, we say that the Old Year is dead. The mortal part of it indeed is dead—the mere days and weeks and months that measured its duration as a period of time. But is that all of the Old Year? Has it not an immortal part, as we have, a more essential part than mere temporal duration, a part that must live and continue as we shall live and continue when our bodies are things of the past?

The things that chiefly characterize and distinguish any year in the history of the world are not the units of time which compose it. These we justly set aside as dead things, never to be resurrected, never to be lived over again. But the things which characterize a year and make it memorable are not days, weeks, months, but movements, events, living ideas, which have belonged especially to that year and distinguished it from other years in history. Viewed in this light, there are no dead years. Their life is organic, continuous, progressive. Each year adds itself to every succeeding year, as a strong current of energy, achievement, discovery, and no more perishes or ceases to be than a tributary river dies when it pours its tide into another stream or into the ocean.

The best things, the distinctive things, of this Old Year to which we are saying farewell cannot, then, die; they are essentially immortal. We shall live on with them, they must live on with us. Every historical movement which has had its rise during the year; every new thought and new discovery and new invention; every vital book, every conference of strong thinkers, every influx of new truth from whatever source, everything that has enriched humanity and made it better and stronger and wiser and freer, during the year that has passed—shall endure, shall reach forward into the time to be, shall be recognized by generations to come as the contribution of the year 1899 to history, as the immortal, essential part of it, which could not pass away when the midnight bells tolled the knell of that poor, transient, temporal part, the expired twelve months of the calendar.

For each one of us individually, also, this year of our lives to which we are saying farewell is an immortal year. Something it has surely done for us, or against us, and that something must enter with us upon the history of the new year. Human life is not divided into non-communicating sections, like the water-tight compartments of a modern ocean steamer. Life is continuous and homogeneous. For us the years do not die; they flow into one another, they interpenetrate, they form one continuous stream of personal history. All that is vital to the individual in the Old Year remains just as vital and operative in the dawn of the New Year. Nothing essential perishes when one year dies and another begins. Our regrets over the passing of the Old Year are mainly a graceful and pleasing piece of sentiment, which has entered into literature and become a permanent heritage and

custom. No one looks upon the dying of the Old Year as anything really serious. At heart we are quite complacent about it; our tears are crocodiles' tears. And this is as it should be, for we all know that nothing worth weeping for dies with the mere expiration of the calendar year. All that is of any human significance in the passage of time is immortal.

And it is with that immortal element of the years that we should be concerned. How shall we live so as to make what survives and passes over from one year to another a helpful contribution to character and to service? That is the question over which we should bow our heads while the Old Year lies a-dying. The spirit of that hour should be one of outlook, not of retrospect. What are we carrying over from the Old Year into the New? What shall the New Year carry over to its successor? What shall time carry over into eternity?

WATCH-MEETING

BY all means hold a watch-meeting. Since the last day of this year is Sunday, the time will especially favor this. Many a glorious revival has commenced with a watch-night service. The time is opportune for retrospection and introspection. The mind thus employed is in a suitable condition to receive religious impressions. This fact ought to be recognized by every pastor. The closing of the old year and the beginning of the new is noted for turning over new leaves and making good resolutions. Every wise pastor will seek to help in this commendable exercise.

It is quite possible that conditions and circumstances in many churches have made it well-nigh impossible to hold revival services in the fall months. Why not close the year by devoting the entire Sunday to special revival services? There will be a temptation to put off the work until the Week of Prayer. This may well be considered a suggestion of the enemy of all righteousness. He has often defeated, and more often hindered, the work of God by securing postponement to a more convenient season. Why not meet such a suggestion by the declaration, "Now is the time of salvation?"

Why not make the Christmas sermons and services preparatory to the watch-night? Why not on the last day of the year preach a revival sermon in anticipation of the evening service? Why not take advantage of the Sunday-school's last session for the year to bring the young people to a decision? Why not enlist the Epworth League and the Junior League to add their portion of effort and influence to make the watch-meeting a great spiritual success? It is none too early to begin to arrange and plan for it. Things that are not well thought out and carefully planned are rarely successful. Achievement waits on system, and system is the result of wise and well considered plans.

The first thought of some pastor reading this will be: "Yes, I will hold a watch-meeting;" and the second thought will not be half as good as the first! It is—How can I get some one to

preach a sermon for me to fill out the time? We say emphatically to every brother: Preach your own sermon. Commence your meeting as early as eight o'clock; have an intermission of ten minutes at ten o'clock, and go straight through to midnight. The time will not be too long, for four hours will soon pass away. Have the first hour devoted to prayer, with plenty of singing as the services progress. Have a testimony meeting from 9 to 9.50. Then put in the sermon directly after the intermission, prefacing it with two hymns, a Scripture reading and prayer. After the sermon get penitents forward for prayers; and, if this fails, get the church forward for confession and consecration, being sure to spend the last ten or fifteen minutes before midnight kneeling before God, and at least spend a few minutes just at midnight in utter quiet and unbroken silence.

This program is merely suggestive. It may be modified as circumstances seem to demand; but by all means hold a watch-meeting, and then move right along with the revival work. God will always bless honest, earnest, well-directed effort.

PERSONALS

—We are gratified that Bishop Mallieau is selected to represent our great church at Mr. Moody's funeral. The selection is peculiarly fitting. We shall hope to publish the Bishop's tribute in the next issue.

—We regret that we have only the space in this issue to barely announce the death of Daniel S. Ford, the owner of the *Youth's Companion*, who has not only made the paper an unrivaled success, but has been a noble and noteworthy Christian benefactor for nearly a half-century. He was a member of Roggles St. Baptist Church, this city. In a future number we shall make fitting reference to him and his munificence.

—Rev. Dr. S. L. Gracey, U. S. consul at Foochow, made a brief call at this office last week. He has gone to Rochester, N. Y., to visit his brother, but will soon return to this city for several days with his friends.

—By far the best editorial that we have seen in the secular press on Mr. Moody appeared in the *Advertiser* of this city on Saturday, the 23d. It was sympathetic and appreciative, and at the same time discriminative.

—The memorial window to Dr. William Butler, a cut and description of which appeared in our last issue, was unveiled in the church at Newton Centre last Sunday morning. The service was simple and impressive. A brief letter from Mr. and Mrs. Alden Speare, addressed to the trustees of the church, was read by the secretary. The curtain hiding the window was then dropped. After a few dedicatory sentences by the pastor, Rev. G. H. Spencer, Prof. J. M. Barker, of the School of Theology, who was in Mexico as a missionary under Dr. Butler's superintendence, spoke briefly but tenderly of their relationship. Dr. A. B. Leonard followed with a strong and hopeful address on the theme, "The Open Door." The annual collection for missions was taken, and \$1,132 subscribed. Dr. Barton, secretary A. B. C. F. M., and Joseph Cook were among those present at the service.

—Dr. J. E. James, the new president of the National City Evangelization Union, is one of the most influential and useful laymen of Methodism. He was one of the ear-

best and most active advocates of equal lay representation in the General Conference.

— Miss Elizabeth L. Mead, of Stamford, Conn., has recently given \$38,000 to Wesleyan University, subject to an annuity.

— Rev. and Mrs. Nathaniel B. Fisk, of Broadway Church, Somerville, announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Winnifred Alice, to Mr. Henry Allen Buell, at the parsonage, 140 Walnut St., on Monday evening, Jan. 1.

— The late Thomas Armstrong, of Plattsburgh, N. Y., bequeathed to Union College between \$100,000 and \$150,000, with the requirement that a chair of sociology shall be endowed and a certain number of prizes and scholarships be offered annually to the sons of farmers in Clinton County.

— Mr. John D. Rockefeller gives \$10,000 to the Tuskegee Institute, at Tuskegee, Ala. Of this amount, \$5,000 is to be used in meeting last year's deficit caused by the erection of necessary buildings and other improvements. The remaining \$5,000 is to be used toward the present year's expenses.

— Rev. C. L. Goodell, of Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn, was the orator at the 100th anniversary of the death of Washington, at Pawtucket, R. I. Governor Dyer was present and made a brief address. The full text of Dr. Goodell's address appears in the *Evening Times* of Pawtucket, Dec. 15.

— Last week Rev. Marco Mazzuca, a former Roman Catholic priest stationed at St. Michael's Italian Catholic Church in New Haven, Conn., was ordained into the Baptist ministry. He was born in Italy, and came to this country about four years ago. He will do mission work among the Italians.

— We greatly regret to learn that the health of Bishop Fitzgerald of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, continues to be very uncertain. Acting under the advice of his physician, he did not go to the session of the Mississippi Conference last week, and he is not now able to attend to any serious business.

— Mr. Peter A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, a millionaire well known in connection with gas companies and combinations of municipal railways, has bought thirty-six acres of land near Philadelphia, where he will erect and endow, at a cost of \$2,000,000, a home, hospital and school for crippled children.

— The *Springfield Republican* notes that "Mrs. Leland Stanford has deeded all of her vast property to Stanford University—the real estate having recently been transferred, following the personal estate, which was given some time ago, to the amount of about \$15,000,000. All that is now left to her is a \$25,000 life annuity, which the university trustees are under contract to pay."

— We learn from the *Christian Advocate* of New York that Rev. William P. Dodson and family and Rev. H. E. Withey, of our work in Angola, Africa, arrived in New York by steamer "Oceanic," Dec. 6. Mr. Dodson has been in service for more than fifteen years without coming home, though several times very ill with fever. Mr. Withey is the son of Rev. Amos E. Withey, who returned from Africa some time ago, and is now living at Asbury Park, N. J.

— The *Methodist Advocate-Journal* says of the recent session of the Alabama Conference: "The session of this Conference, presided over by Bishop W. F. Mallalien, was in many respects the best held in several years. Dr. G. E. Ackerman was the secretary, and in recognition of his services in the Conference he was again elected to the General Conference. The Bishop preached with power, presided with gentleness and fidelity, and endeared himself greatly to preachers and people."

— Rev. Charles F. Dole, in writing upon "Horace Bushnell and his Work for Theology," says: "Not only does Dr. Munger write as one who knew his older friend well, and appreciated his unique personality; he is probably Bushnell's best expositor, for he represents his tendency in thought, and in fact comes as near as any living man could come to saying the things which Bushnell would be saying had he lived to the close of the century."

— The *Christian Advocate* of Nashville announces this pleasant fact in its last issue: "Dr. H. M. Du Bose left Nashville on the evening of the 18th, for Winston, N. C., where he will be married at 3 P. M., Dec. 20, to Mrs. Gertrude Vaughn Amls, daughter of Mr. T. L. Vaughn, a prominent member in our church in Winston. Bishop Galloway will officiate. The many friends of Dr. Du Bose in every part of the church will pronounce their blessing on this union, and pray that it may be full of joy."

— Dr. Berry, in a tender and just tribute to the late Rev. F. N. Upham in last week's *Epworth Herald*, says: "Mr. Upham was closely identified with the Epworth League from the very beginning. He was one of the most active men in the First District organization. For several years he has been the Epworth League editor of ZION'S HERALD. He was a born editor. His style was crisp and epigrammatic. Few dull lines were ever traced by his pen. If he had lived he would almost certainly have achieved fame in some editorial chair. We mourn the going away of Fred Upham, as his close friends loved to call him. He was a white soul. Frank, sweet-spirited, optimistic, true-hearted, consecrated, radiant—it was a joy to claim him as a personal friend."

BRIEFLETS

We are happy to announce to our patient readers that new type has already been purchased, and the *HERALD* will appear in its new attire next week.

The annual index, which requires so much space in this issue, and the tender and affectionate tributes to the late Rev. F. N. Upham, crowd over to next week all the Church News and much current matter already in type.

An exchange accredits Emerson with the following statement: "Fashionable religion visits a man diplomatically three or four times—when he is born, when he marries, when he falls sick, and when he dies—and for the rest never interferes with him." There is still a very generous proportion of that kind of useless religion in and about the environment in which Emerson once lived.

The *Michigan Christian Advocate* came out last week with an elegant "new dress," getting the start of ZION'S HERALD by one week. Well, we have already learned that we have to be very alert to keep up with our excellent and always wide-awake contemporary.

Perhaps nothing more unerringly reveals the littleness of mediocre men, especially in the ministry, than the desire to be conspicuous in the public eye. To be invited to sit in the pulpit at a public service, or upon the platform, is the occasion for unbounded satisfaction with a certain type of minds. There are some well-known ministers in every denomination in this city and the suburbs who invariably are found upon the platform on any special occasion. To serve on committees is a privilege which this class of men covet, and in some way they are gen-

erally successful. Not of this kind was the great and masterful Horace Bushnell. He was too busy about matters of prime importance to cherish small ambitions or to waste himself on minor matters. He said of himself late in life: "I was almost never a president or a vice-president of any society, and almost never on any committee. Take the report of my doings on the platform of the world's business, and it is naught." The young minister who finds himself falling into the desire "to be seen of men," will do well to put a determined check upon this infirmity. It will be remembered that Jesus censured the Pharisees because they loved "the chief seats in the synagogue."

The public press is commending, in high terms of praise richly deserved, the recent inaugural address of Mayor Hayes of Baltimore. In it he said—and no one doubts his sincerity: "The use of a municipal position by a subordinate to advance the interests of any politician or party will be at once proper reason for the removal of such subordinate; and if the head of the department does not remove such subordinate, I will remove the head of the department." Cannot the Methodist Episcopal Church rise at least to the standard presented by this high-minded political servant? What would be the effect in the next General Conference if the men who elect our official representatives should heroically act on Mayor Hayes' principle, and refuse their suffrages to any man who had sought to advance his own interests?

The annual dinner of the Boston Wesleyan University Club was held Thursday evening, Dec. 21, at Hotel Thorndike. President Frederick W. Clarke, '70, was in the chair, and the University Quartet sang. Rev. J. P. Cooper, of New Bedford, member of the visiting committee, stated in his report that a new recitation building was needed at the University, and that the trustees call for \$150,000 for this building. The number of students, he said, has increased, and the college was never in a more prosperous condition. President Clarke then delivered his annual address, stirring and practical, upon "Socialism." President B. P. Raymond said that the one great theme was the Twentieth Century Thank offering movement. He said that when the Bishops asked the churches for a \$20,000,000 thank-offering he thought it audacious; but since he has looked the field over his faith had grown, until he is firm in the belief that the money will be raised. At least one-half of this amount should go toward the endowment of educational institutions, although much will go toward payment of church debts. The following toasts were responded to: "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts in Education," Rev. C. A. Littlefield, '81; "The New York Alumni Club," C. L. Rockwell, '97; "The Wesleyan Faculty," Prof. H. W. Conn; "The Old Graduates," Rev. C. E. Davis, '76; "The Undergraduates," W. D. Wilson, '00. The annual election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Rev. C. A. Littlefield, '81; vice-president, A. P. Walker, '84; secretary, E. L. Mills, '98; treasurer, George A. Rich, '88; executive committee, A. L. Crowell, '92, F. J. Brown, '98, J. T. Cooper, '83; delegate to Washington's Birthday banquet at Wesleyan, R. F. Raymond, '91; annual visitation to Wesleyan University, H. G. Mitchell, '73; representative to New York Wesleyan Alumni Association, Charles H. Stackpole.

An exchange notes that in the biography of a distinguished public servant this declaration appears: "Any one could pain him, and pain him with the slightest word. He faced the world with a brave front, yet the wounds bled secretly within his armor."

This fact furnishes a forceful illustration of the way in which many men are misjudged and treated by the general public. The writer is well acquainted with a man of some prominence in our church whose outward deportment leads the public to think that he is indifferent to private or public opinion, but who is so sensitive that an unkind word or look from a trusted friend wounds him to the heart and often occasions a sleepless night. We suggest, as a very practical kind of goodness, which would make life much brighter, more enjoyable and better to many, that, in the coming year, we determine to be more careful not to misapprehend or hurt people.

The following inquiry from a faithful member of our church is handed over to our readers for a reply: "Is Methodism changing? My wife and I went into a Methodist church last Sunday, with hearts hungry for the Bread of Life, and got—a lecture on poetry. We stayed through Browning, Burns, Dante, and a few others, and then we left in search of a prayer-meeting. Do you think we did wrong?"

Stalker in his last great book just from the press on "The Christology of Christ," makes it very clear that when theology expresses the real life of the church, it is constantly changing in form. He says: "The form is continually changing; and new organizing ideas emerge with every new generation, every spiritual movement, and every original thinker. Even the individual, if his religion be progressive, does not see truth always from the same point of view."

Abraham Lincoln put much of his practical sense and wisdom into epigrammatic utterances that are without parallel. We do not remember to have ever seen the following, which is one of his best, until last week: "Stand with anybody who stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

Death of Dwight L. Moody

"MOODY, the Evangelist," as he has been known for forty years, died at his home in Northfield at noon on Friday, Dec. 22. He was stricken with heart trouble in Kansas City, Mo., where he was holding a series of evangelistic services, while addressing a congregation of fifteen thousand people. He was brought to his home in Northfield, and our readers have been apprised of his serious illness. It is said that he had Bright's disease, but his physicians state that the latter was not the immediate cause of his death. He first knew at 8 o'clock Thursday evening that he could not recover. He was satisfied that this was so, and when the knowledge came to him his words were: "The world is receding and heaven opening." He suffered but little during the night and the forenoon, and was conscious until within a moment of his death. Mrs. Moody, the daughter, Mrs. A. P. Fitt, and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Moody, and the youngest son, Paul Moody, were with him until the end came. During the forenoon he talked with the family freely and calmly, especially asking them to nurture and sustain the two schools at Northfield and the Chicago Bible Institute, and said: "I have always been an ambitious man, not ambitious to lay up wealth, but to leave you work to do." The last words on his lips were: "God is calling me."

So long has this remarkable man been before the American public that a brief sketch only of the familiar lines in his career are necessary. He was born in the town in which he died, Feb. 5, 1837. At four years of age his father died, leaving his

mother, Betsey Moody, with nine children, to battle with poverty and the hard conditions attendant thereupon. How he came to Boston at seventeen, uncouth and uneducated, was converted and rejected as an applicant for church membership because of his crude views of religion; how he went to Chicago, and, consumed with zeal, perished in church, Sunday-school and slum work; how, in a short time, he reached the religious platform and the pulpit; how he earned recognition at last as a most striking, popular and convincing preacher of the plain truths of Scripture and as a remarkable manager of evangelistic meetings on a grand scale; how he met Mr. Sankey and at once claimed him as the man to sing the Gospel "that he had been looking for;" how these men preached and sung a "saving Gospel," not only here but in England and Scotland, and how not only "the common people heard him gladly," but the *élite* and cultured of all lands listened to him and were aroused to a fresh apprehension of the truth as it is in Christ; how he set great waves of evangelizing effort in motion in Great Britain as well as in this country and in all lands; how he threw his great nature into the work of the Christian Commission during the Civil War; how later the work of education opened up to him and with the grip which he had upon the heart-strings as well as the purse-strings of the wealthy Christian people in all lands he founded and equipped the Girls' and the Boys' Schools in Northfield where one thousand are now annually educated; how he has made Northfield during the summer months the centre for great religious mass meetings that have touched the student life of the country, promoted a deeper piety and evoked a profounder interest in the cause of missions; how his heart warmed to care for the religious culture of our soldiers in the late Spanish war; how his sermons and addresses have been read these many years by a grateful multitude—with all these facts our readers are thoroughly familiar.

Mr. Moody was a man of large mold and striking individuality. In religious work and results he has been the colossal figure of the century, if, indeed, he ever had a prototype. His was a unique and intense personality. Though he laid no claim to education or critical scholarship, nevertheless he possessed a mind of great natural acumen and strength. He was admirably well-balanced intellectually. He was an administrator and executive of remarkable ability. His equal in arranging for, managing and directing great religious meetings has never been seen. In this he was a spiritual general, born to command. Ministers and representative laymen in all denominations everywhere recognized this ability, and yielded to his suggestions with loving and military precision and promptness. He exercised the power over the multitude that the genuinely great and unselfish leader always possesses.

The religion which he lived and preached was wholesome, healthy and reformatory. There was never any exhibition of cant or the slightest tinge of hypocrisy. He was always asking for money and always getting it in generous and sometimes princely amounts, but he never asked it for himself. The practices which have cheapened and disgraced a great group of evangelists never had place one instant with him. He was a Christian of the largest, manliest and most noble type.

His tolerance was not the least of his remarkable characteristics, and must be noticed in this necessarily brief and hasty characterization. Though a man of clear and decided religious tenets, and though he held his convictions with tenacity, yet he was comprehensive and considerate of variant

theological opinions. Conservative in his opinions of the Bible, yet he was so large and so tolerant that he could "find" Prof. Henry Drummond and give him Northfield for a pulpit, sending him forth as "a son in the Gospel." And later when terror-stricken defenders of the faith were affrighted at the utterances of Prof. George Adam Smith, Moody invited him to Northfield to preach and to lecture. He was a robust, expulsive, apostolic disciple, a combination of much of the best of Peter and Paul, having Peter's burning zeal and consecration, but without his infirmities, for he never did nor could he have betrayed his Lord; not possessing Paul's culture or philosophy, but having his charity, brotherliness, and largeness of outlook for the kingdom of Christ, and, like Paul, "abundant in labors." The world is inexpressibly richer for the life which he has lived and the work which he has done. Into what an abundant reward he has entered! What a welcome the redeemed of heaven must have given him, and into what glad fellowships he must have already come!

AN EXCELLENT PLAN

WE desire to call the attention of our readers to the fact that the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1900 are all taken from the Gospels. The last year of this most extraordinary century is to be devoted to the study of the words and works of the incarnate Son of God. It is well thus to close the century. As we look back along the centuries the conviction is forced upon us that Jesus has been the dominant personality of them all. He is the supreme figure of all history. "No mortal can with Him compare among the sons of men." More than ever He is the chiefest among ten thousand and the one, and the only one, that is altogether lovely. Somehow all masterful spirits are linked with Him in the progress and development of humanity. Sometimes it does not quite seem so, but closer and protracted observation reveals the truth of the proposition. All supreme events of the last nineteen hundred years show the touch of His hand and realize the embodiment of His thoughts. All great revolutions that have blessed the human race, all genuine reforms, are the logical and natural outgrowth of His matchless words and His equally matchless deeds.

This world would have been a desolate waste had not Jesus of Nazareth walked, sometimes with very weary feet, this sin-cursed earth. His love, His life, His sufferings, and His shameful death on the cross of Calvary, constituted the all-inclusive atonement by which a perishing, helpless, hopeless race might be placed in such relations to the Divine government that it would be possible for God, the holy and righteous Ruler of all worlds and all intelligences, to be just and at the same time the justifier of every penitent soul that believes in Jesus.

We most devoutly hope that all our people, young and old, will crowd our Sunday schools beyond anything in the past, and give their most loving, reverent and faithful effort to know more of Jesus, coming into closest touch with Him as they study the lessons of 1900. To know Jesus, to follow Him, to walk with Him, will help, comfort, inspire and strengthen all sincere souls.

IS THE ARMOR OF GOD WEARING OUT?

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

EVERY attentive reader of the religious journals of the different evangelical denominations must observe how generally they lament a decrease in the number of conversions and a falling off in the admissions into membership by "confession of faith." Many reasons are suggested for this declension; and one of the most startling is, that old methods have worn out, and revivals have become obsolete, and that this "advanced age" requires entirely new methods and a new style of preaching, and what is called an "up-to-date Gospel." If this be true, it is so serious a truth as to demand universal attention. Is it true?

No one can read the New Testament honestly without seeing what the methods of the early apostles were. They believed in prayer meetings; they preached a simple but very rousing gospel of repentance of sin and faith in Jesus Christ; they had a baptism of the Holy Spirit; they strove to save souls and to bless their fellow men by deeds of practical beneficence. In fighting sin and error and human misery their greatest leader exhorted them to "put on the whole armor of God." The weapons of that panoply were "truth" and "righteousness" and a "shield of faith" and "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God;" and these were to be backed up by prayer and supplication in the Spirit. Eighteen centuries have rolled away; but the Holy Spirit has not changed, the Bible has not changed, human nature has not changed, God's promises have not changed; and yet we are told that the methods and the weapons of these successful early Christians have worn out, and this age of advancement demands something new!

Let us face a few facts. About the middle of the last century, Great Britain and her American colonies had fallen into a spiritual torpor. The two Wesleys in Britain, Edwards in America, and Whitefield in both countries led off in a mighty awakening, one of the outgrowths of which is the immense Methodist denomination. These men simply put new life into the old methods. During the first year or two of this century, when infidelity had become fearfully prevalent, a great revival swept over our whole land, especially in the South, and in the region west of the Alleghenies; one of the outcomes of this revival was the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. As the leaders in this movement were largely of Scotch Irish blood, it goes without saying that their methods were of the old type. Thirty years later, appeared that Boanerges, Charles G. Finney, who thrust in the Gospel plough beam deep, tearing up sin by the roots and yielding a wide crop of sound conversions. His pungent evangelical methods and those of his associates, Lyman Beecher, Nettleton and Cox, brought into the church such converts as Judge Gardner, William E. Dodge, William A. Booth, and the practical philanthropists who built the American

Tract Society, the Sunday School Union, and other great religious institutions. In 1858 another great spiritual awakening occurred which extended across the sea to Britain and other lands; and those of us who bore a part in that glorious work of grace, can testify that its characteristics were widespread prayer and widespread preaching of the great central evangelical truths. Pastors and people put on the old armor and did their own work without importing any professional "revivalists;" all the churches reported large accessions of members.

Patrik Henry's famous "lamp of experience" is a most valuable utensil, and it throws a strong light on the present condition of things in the churches and the community outside of them. The experience of Christian churches, even in these later days, has always been that solid success invariably followed the legitimate use of the old Gospel weapons when attended by the blessings of the Holy Spirit. It is affirmed that now the churches are losing their hold on the people, and that both in city and country the percentage of attendance on church services is steadily falling off. This may be true; and in order to fill empty pews some pastors have been tempted to resort to certain sensational devices. Such devices have no permanent value; like the use of alcoholic stimulants, there must be an increase of the dose, and a final reaction to feebleness is almost certain to follow. To draw people to the house of God is very well; but unless they are drawn to Jesus Christ and to a better life, the supreme purpose of attending Sabbath services is not attained. An industrious minister who carefully prepares practical evangelical sermons, and maintains thorough pastoral visitation, and wisely directs the working machinery of his church, rarely fails to hold his Sunday congregations. The weapons from God's armory are not worn out yet; when they are, Christianity may go into bankruptcy.

It is claimed by some persons that, in these days, churches cannot succeed unless they add to the ordinary religious instrumentalities various useful annexes, such as reading rooms and kindergartens, and certain social entertainments. I do not question the usefulness of what are called "institutional churches;" but they are only practicing the principles of the early apostolic church, which were a Christian socialism in many features. It is a noteworthy fact that the chief pioneer in "institutional" methods was the late Charles H. Spurgeon, and he was the prince of old-fashioned Gospel preachers. He never thought of regarding his orphanages and other benevolent adjuncts of the Metropolitan Tabernacle as substitutes for the sovereign purpose of his whole work, which was to convert people to Jesus Christ. He subordinated the physical, the mental, and the social to the spiritual; rightly judging that making clean hearts was the best way to secure clean homes and clean lives. The glorious old Gospel weapons never wore out in his hands, nor need they do so in any churches that are actuated by his spirit.

I have no doubt that one cause of the

diminution of conversions during these recent years is that too many pastors and churches have shirked their own solemn responsibilities and duties and gone outside for borrowed help. When neglect of duty had run them down sadly, instead of sending for God, they sent for a "revivalist!" They have had their reward. The healthiest condition of any Christian church is such a condition that it does not need reviving. But if from any cause it has lamentably declined, there is no other remedy under heaven and known among men but to confess their sins, put on the whole armor of God, and to lay hold of their own work in such a way as to help the answering of their own prayers. Worldly prosperity has demoralized multitudes of rich church members, and the gulf between wealth and poverty is widening. Brains and culture in our colleges are increasingly drawn into other pursuits than the pulpit. There is a lowering of the observance of God's day, and hundreds of thousands of immortal beings bury their souls every Sabbath morning under the unclean blankets of a godless Sunday press.

This is no time for a blind and boastful optimism; neither is it a time for a bleary-eyed and blasting pessimism. Let us face painful facts, but not as cowards or as compromisers with error, or as carelessly content to see things grow worse. If the artful adversary can persuade Christ's churches that the old Gospel-armor, wielded with such mighty power by the Wesleys, the Whitefields, the Guthries, the Finneys, the Lyman Beechers, and the Spurgeons is wearing out, then there might well be a jubilee in hell over our suicidal folly! May God in His infinite mercy forbid!

LONDON LETTER

REV. E. J. HELMS.

TWO significant events occurred in London, Nov. 14. One was the opening of the new George Whitefield Memorial Church. It is built on the spot where Whitefield formerly preached to the nobility and rage of London in his famous Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road. The new edifice has been built at an expense of \$80,000 and a debt of \$30,000 is still upon it. The organization has become a Congregational society, and that denomination now reckons Whitefield as one of its saints. At the dedication, however, Whitefield's debt to Methodism, or Methodism's debt to Whitefield, was recognized sufficiently to put two Methodist ministers on the program.

At the noon hour Dr. Joseph Parker, D. D., of the City Temple, preached on the text: "Now concerning the collection"—very apropos when one considered the indebtedness and the intention to raise \$5,000 that day. A few of Dr. Parker's striking sentences are suggestive: "We degenerates have degraded the collection into a nuisance—Paul considered it a means of grace. In this Paul was a Methodist before their time." "The weekly offering does not fail, but not offering weekly always fails." "Poverty is deeper than economics—it is a discipline of Providence." "Laugh at the Salvation Army when you excel their virtues of self-denial."

Rev. F. W. Macdonald, the president of the Wesleyan Conference, preached in the afternoon a strong sermon on the relation of the love to God to the love to man. Among other things he said: "Religion is love to

God—morality is love to man." "The incarnation, the cross, and Pentecost are simply to make possible love to God." "The order first God, second neighbor, cannot be reversed because God is what He is and man is what he is." "Love to God supplies the condition and gives the forces to love our neighbor."

In the evening Sir George Williams, the venerable founder of the Y. M. C. A., presided, and exhorted to brotherhood, Christianity, liberality and the necessity of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Among the other speakers was Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, ex president of the Conference. He spoke of the agreements and disagreements between Wesley and Whitefield. He reinforced the chairman's exhortation to Christian brotherhood by speaking of the harmony and love which existed between Whitefield and Wesley after they agreed to disagree, and, dropping all other matters, preached the new birth and justification by faith. He showed that by the unanimous adoption of a catechism the Nonconformist bodies in England were nearer united in spirit than the High and Low and Broad Church Anglicans, who are now in a white heat over the use or discontinuance of incense in the church service. Nevertheless, the wise counsel of the Anglican, George Williams, who will be remembered centuries to come, is needed for Protestant bodies. He seemed like the Apostle John when he said: "Brethren, love each other."

To show the length of ecclesiastical controversial absurdity, in the present, one might cite the remark of a High Church advocate in the recent Church Congress, who remarked that the greatest sin of England today was not greed, or intemperance, or gambling, or lust, but it was administering the communion evenings, and that, too, by those who have not been truly ordained.

On the same day, Nov. 14, Lord Rosebery opened the first municipal dwellings of London. They have been built by the Shoreditch Vestry (one of the local self-governing wards) in a spot where formerly were hideous slums. Over five hundred persons were removed by the demolished property, and four hundred will be accommodated in the new buildings. There are twenty-five tenements of two rooms each, and fifty of three rooms, each being self-contained, furnished with excellent sanitary arrangements, and lit by electric light. The scheme has entailed an expenditure of £17,222, and it is hoped to cover the outlay by charging a rental of \$2.10 for the three-room and \$1.60 for the two-room sets. Lord Rosebery pointed out in his speech that not one person who formerly lived in the old buildings would move into the new. A better class of people always take advantage of the better dwellings. This does not relieve the slums, as the slum people are simply crowded in somewhere else. The Vestry of Shoreditch has been eight years building these dwellings. It has been hindered by an exasperating amount of red-tape in passing through the requirements of the various London governing boards and also by all manner of petty annoyances of landlords, who were determined to defeat this municipal innovation. Lord Rosebery said, among other things, he wished London had a Cromwell for just a single year, that he might sweep this nonsense of red-tape and this iniquity of landlordism away.

London is increasing at the rate of 60,000 yearly. Most of the property of London and vicinity is held by a very few persons for speculation. The landlord pays no taxes here; the tenant must do that. The result is, the awful overcrowding. To correct the evil it is proposed to give the London County Council power to take the property in the suburbs and erect thereon suitable workmen's dwellings. It is expected then that

rapid transit and cheap trains will do much to solve the slum problem. At the rate things move here this scheme may be brought about in twenty years. Meanwhile one generation will rot as a consequence — if it does not explode with anarchy and impatience.

VIEWS FROM A 'RICKSHA ON MY RUN HOME

REV. S. L. GRACEY, D. D.
U. S. Consul at Foochow.

IT is a long cry from Foochow to Boston, via Hong Kong, but of never waning or falling interest. Six hundred miles down the coast of China to Hong Kong, calling at Amoy and Swatow, is only a good start for six thousand miles of sea and three thousand of rail to Boston via Honolulu.

At Hong Kong (I was about to say city, but Hong Kong is not the city, that is Victoria, on the island of Hong Kong), the quaint, airy, jaunty jiriksha of Japan has endured transplanting and obtained place and importance. It has suffered a little by transfer, as such a phantom Pullman carriage of respectability looks just a little odd with a stout Chinaman between the shafts, instead of the light, lithe, swift running Jap, by whom it was discovered and brought into possibility as a delightful means of rapid transit. To my mind this two-wheeled, overgrown baby-carriage, or dwarfed sulky, is characteristic of the people who originated it, for the Jap, as a rule, is undersize, and lives in undersized rooms in an undersized house in an undersized country, with all the airs of importance of a continental empire builder and supporter. Hong Kong is of itself worthy of a letter all its own, and though you read a hundred by full as many "globe trotters," your interest would not be overtaxed.

Away to Shanghai, 811 miles, and our steamer drops anchor off the "bund" of this thoroughly Western looking city. The magnificent buildings of the American, British and French concessions usurp the water front, with gardens and esplanade of marvelous beauty. Here is an object lesson in Western architectural splendor set down in the Far East, on which tens of thousands of Celestial travelers moving through this great entrepot to the north, south, east and west obtain their only demonstration of what a foreign city looks like. It is as though all your beautiful sweep of bay from the lower part of East Boston below the Cunard wharves, along through Chelsea, Charlestown and as far down as T Wharf, were handed over body and soul to the Chinese, and they had availed themselves of the privilege to build up a thoroughly Oriental city over which they should have absolute and untrammelled control. Behind the French concession you pass into the native city, and once through the massive stone gateway you are in another civilization.

Passing through a Chinese world and nearing its outer limit on the open country side, your ricksha man pulls up in front of a large foreign building, and, dismounting, you pass into the beautiful grounds and houses of the hospital established by the women of America in the long ago, the "Woman's Union Mission," Dr. Reifneider in charge. The Doctor is an enthusiastic worker and is right proud of the achievements of this model institution. "Patients to the number of 33,395 were treated here during this year," she says in a commonplace manner as she conducts you through the various wards, operating rooms, dispensary, etc., of the "Margaret Wilson" Hospital, with its record of years of Christian, Good-Samaritan work to body and soul of China's thousands, a proud monument of woman's helpfulness to woman.

But our destination is the new Chinese

college for instruction in Eastern lore and Western sciences, beyond the confines of the city, and stepping into our rickshas again we are whirled over smooth roads five miles into the country in about forty-five minutes, where we find buildings of great architectural impressiveness. We pass through a gaudily decorated wooden arch covered with Chinese characters, and by a winding carriage road lined with flower beds, now blooming with never-ending varieties of chrysanthemums, through well-laid out grounds, and draw up in front of the main hall entrance to this modern marvel of concession to foreign progress in the way of buildings which would do credit to any educational institution in America. Established by Chinese authorities, built by Chinese money, liberally endowed and thoroughly progressive and up-to-date in plan and purpose, with full intention of giving advanced teaching in modern learning and still acquaint its own children with the best writings of its ancient sages, reduced to substantial purpose in brick and mortar, stands this evidence that the Chinese world at least "do move;" and you do not need to draw a fine-spun spider's web across your object glass to discover the fact.

The marvel grows as you enter the beautiful residence of the president of this institution, and are welcomed by his charming wife and ushered into an elegant drawing-room which has no suggestion of Orientalism, but is thoroughly American. This elect lady is in herself to all Celestial dignitaries and gentlemen who visit or support the institution another object lesson of the true place accorded woman and the honor in which she is held as man's complement and equal by Westerners.

It is entirely fitting that an American, and he a New England Conference man, should step in from his office to welcome you and lead you in a tour of inspection from hall to hall, and story to story, through this marvelous accomplishment. It is a cause of reasonable pride to Americans that the Chinese authorities have selected Dr. J. C. Ferguson to direct the course of studies and superintend in every way this promising educational venture. It could scarcely be in better hands, for Dr. Ferguson is a product of our best educational advantages. Young, bright, wide-awake, progressive, up-to-date, tactful, hopeful, pious, his ability commands respect of Chinese and foreigners alike. Like all state institutions, it must be on a liberal basis as to religious teaching, and in this respect is not behind many in our own land. A tablet of Confucius adorns the wall of the dining hall, and in the president's office are large engravings of John Wesley and George Washington. Some criticism has been wasted on the president from the fact that on the first and fifteenth days of each month, as the pupils enter the dining-hall, they climb, climb, or kato, to the tablet, thus showing their respect to the greatest Chinese sage and philosopher, just as they do to their respective teachers at the opening of each school term, not only at this institution, but at the Anglo-Chinese College and the Foochow College of the Methodist mission and American Board mission in Foochow. Dr. Ferguson has organized without objection a Young Men's Christian Association among the pupils.

We would that this was a full-fledged Christian college; but what a grand thing it is that these awakening Chinese are willing to put an aggressive Christian minister at the head of their best college in Southern China, as they have placed Dr. Martin in charge of the older one in Peking. Great things have been wrought through the latter, and we pray that this younger institution may be even greater than the former in molding awakening China.

But we must get back to our steamer, for "Blue Peter" was flying when we came ashore, and before nightfall we must be again tossing on the deep blue sea.

THE CHURCH AND THE MUNICIPALITY

ROBERT F. RAYMOND, ESQ.

[An address given before the Methodist Congress at St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 29.]

THE separation of Church and State as a principle at the basis of American government has been pushed to an extreme detrimental to both: to the State, by relieving it of the steady and authoritative pressure of enlightened conscience; to the Church, by removing its sense of responsibility for the character of the government and of obligation for high moral conviction in public affairs. The Church is awakening to the call for new devotion to the evangelization of the unchurched multitudes in the cities. While we hear the call and recognize the obligation, that subject is wholly foreign to the topic assigned. Municipality is a political term, and we are called to discuss "The Church and City Politics."

We are only just beginning to turn our attention to city government and city politics with some conception of their supreme importance. At the organization of our government we were a nation of farmers, and the political questions discussed and solved related to general conditions and to a people inhabiting broad spaces. The American "genius for self-government" is now first meeting a real test of its capability to handle great masses of population congested within narrow limits. The evolution of modern industrial conditions and the application of steam and electricity to transportation have turned the currents of population toward the cities, and the steadily increasing momentum of urban growth shows that the problem of self-government just ahead is, How shall we devise, maintain and administer a government which shall secure the greatest physical, moral, social and economic well being of dense population groups? This is the problem of city government.

Not only is this a new problem, but it is one of vital importance, because State and national governments, now comparatively pure, will soon be controlled by and take their character from the government of cities. Why not? Today State and nation are largely ruled by the cities with one-third the total voting force. The first quarter of the twentieth century will unquestionably see a large majority of ballots in this nation cast in city polling booths. The character of elections and government in American cities will measure and control the character of republican government in America.

The intelligent student of American affairs, however optimistic, will assent to the proposition that the

CONDITION OF CITY GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES

is deplorable in the extreme. The source of free popular government is an uncorrupted ballot. No crime strikes nearer the life-centre of civilization than vote buying and vote selling. The bomb-throwing anarchist is harmless in comparison with the vote-buying anarchist; for he poisons the very springs from which flow the streams of our national life. In many of our cities it is an admitted fact that a sufficient number of votes can be bought in any election to control the result. I have been told by men who boast of their own complicity, that they have in their possession lists of voters aggregating fifteen per cent. of the entire voting list and more than twenty per cent. of the men who actually vote in any city election, naming the men whose ballots can be sold and delivered like so many cattle.

How is a city government actually administered by officials who have sought and obtained their election by such methods, or who knowingly consent to such methods in their campaigns? Here the expected hap-

pens. In the first chapter of Dr. Parkhurst's eye-opening book, "Our Fight with Tammany," he says: "All American cities of any considerable size are substantially circumstanced in much the same way. Virtue is at the bottom and knavery on top. The rascals are out of jail and standing guard over men who aim to be honorable and law-abiding. Statesmanship has very largely degenerated into small and dirty politics. Cities are administered in the pocket interests of the municipal government, not in the moral, social, industrial and economic behest of the rank and file of the citizens." Read his blazing recital of the unearthing of corrupt officials in the metropolis of America, and see one phase of that city government destined to pervade and mold our State and nation unless it can be reformed and purified by the influence of Christian citizenship. The characteristic of New York city government was not the fact that saloons piled their work and that gambling dens and houses of assignation, prostitution and other forms of infamy were openly run in unblushing violation and defiance of law, but that the police force and the whole machinery of justice organized and maintained to ferret out, prosecute and bring to punishment these criminal pests, were in contractual league with them all, and for a consideration to them in hand paid exerted influence and power to guarantee the most dangerous of criminals and the most pestiferous of crimes against all interference by the law or by those who sought to uphold it and make it effective. Let us hope New York stood alone in unenvied pre-eminence in the venality of its police force. It is at most, however, only a leader in the general disregard for law on the part of great multitudes in our cities, and in this disregard for law lies one of the chief perils of our time. I need not argue that we are safe as a people, and the civilization entrusted to our keeping is secure, only as officials and citizens alike recognize the supremacy of law and seek to maintain it inviolate. Yet in how many cities men elected to office, to whom is committed the enforcement of law and who with uplifted hand make solemn oath to execute the law, yield to the solicitations or bribes or favors of law-breakers, allow the law to be violated on every hand, wink at policy shops and other forms of gambling, instruct officers to close their eyes in the presence of illegal rum-selling, lewdness and prostitution, change the beats of police officers who are too outspoken to suit the thugs, criminals, and plug uglies coming under their view, and generally disregard and defy the law and bring it into contempt by protecting from punishment the criminals whose political favor they seek. What American city so fortunate as not to suffer these forms of lawlessness among its citizens and officials?

Mr. Bryce says, "Two tests of practical efficiency may be applied to the government of a city. What does it provide for the people and what does it cost the people?" In studying the actual condition of American municipalities, we must inquire whether the people's money is honestly expended with sole regard to the public well-being. Every city has its own grievance of increased taxation and expanding public debt. Intelligent foreigners who visit our land and Americans who have traveled abroad alike and uniformly express their surprise at the paucity of return we receive from the expenditure of public moneys. Let me cite two instances, the first from Allison and Penrose's able book, "Municipal Development in Philadelphia," written in 1883, before the present improved condition in that city began:—

"The affairs of the city of Philadelphia have fallen into a most deplorable condition. The amount required annually for the payment of interest upon the public debt and current ex-

penses render it necessary to impose a rate of taxation which is as heavy as can be borne. In the meantime the streets of the city have been allowed to fall into such a state as to be a reproach and a disgrace. Philadelphia is now recognized as the worst paved and worst cleaned city in the civilized world. The water supply is so bad that during weeks of the last winter it was not only distasteful and unwholesome for drinking, but offensive for bathing purposes. The effort to clean the streets was abandoned for months, and no attempt was made to that end until some public-spirited citizens, at their own expense, cleaned a number of the principal thoroughfares. The system of sewerage and the physical condition of the sewers is notoriously bad—so much so as to be dangerous to the health and most offensive to the comfort of the people. Public work has been done so badly that structures have had to be renewed almost as soon as finished. Others have been in part constructed at enormous expense and then permitted to fall to decay without completion. Inefficiency, waste, badly paved and filthy streets, unwholesome and offensive water, and slovenly and costly management have been the rule for years past throughout the city government."

In 1876 New York appointed a commission, with Hon. William M. Evarts as chairman, "to devise a plan for the government of cities in the State of New York." In their report the following year the commissioners say:—

"The magnitude and the rapid increase of this debt are not less remarkable than the poverty of the results exhibited as the return for so prodigious an expenditure. It was abundantly sufficient for the construction of all the public works of a great metropolis for a century to come, and to have adorned it beside with the splendors of architecture and art. Instead of this the wharves and piers are for the most part temporary and perishable structures; the streets are poorly paved; the sewers in great measure imperfect, insufficient and in bad order; the public buildings shabby and inadequate. In truth, the larger part of the public debt represents a vast aggregate of moneys wasted, embezzled, or misapplied."

Again,

A FUNGUS PRODUCT OF CITY GOVERNMENT

growing out of the conditions above set forth are the "boss" and the crowd of his creatures who get their living out of politics. Henry George says:—

"In all the great American cities there is as clearly defined a ruling class as in the most aristocratic countries of the Old World. Its members carry wads in their pockets, make up the slates for nominating conventions, distribute offices as they bargain together, and though they toil not, neither do they spin, wear the best raiment and spend money lavishly. They are men of power, whose favor the ambitious must court, and whose vengeance he must avoid. Who are these men? The wise, the good, the learned, men who have earned the confidence of their fellow citizens by the purity of their lives, the splendor of their talents, their probity in public trusts, their deep study of the problems of government? No; they are gamblers, saloon-keepers, pugilists, or worse, who have made a trade of controlling votes and of buying and selling offices and official acts."

Quotations of like import could be multiplied from impartial students of our municipalities. What wonder that so friendly a writer on American affairs as James Bryce should say: "There is no denying that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States. The deficiencies of the national government tell but little for evil on the welfare of the people. The faults of the State governments are insignificant compared with the extravagance, corruption and mismanagement which mark the administration of most of the great cities." Was John Burns far astray when he said, "Chicago is a pocket edition of hell?" Andrew D. White will not be accused of undue prejudice against aught American, yet he has written that nowhere in Europe did he see such evidences of maladministration as in our best governed

American cities until, in Constantinople, the rotting wharves and unclean streets reminded him of New York and Philadelphia.

Another grave result of the misgovernment of our municipalities has been the growing distrust on the part of the city of its own power of self-government. As a consequence, well-meaning citizens are calling upon State legislatures to take the police out of the hands of local authorities and to entrust it to State police commissions. How have we fallen since the days when our fathers pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to win for themselves and for us, their recreant sons, the boon of local self-government which we are now so ready to surrender in pledge of our own political subservieney! A half century ago De Tocqueville wrote in his "Democracy in America": "I look upon the size of certain American cities, and especially upon the nature of their population, as a real danger which threatens the security of the Democratic Republics of the New World." Not long before his death our own Wendell Phillips said with a wisdom now recognized as prophetic: "The solution of the problem of our cities will test our free institutions more severely than our struggle with human slavery."

Has the Christian Church no utterance, no responsibility, no obligation, in the face of these grave problems of municipal government? If it be true that American cities will soon dominate and give their own color to State and nation, and that every throb of the city's heart sends flowing through the veins of the body politic such virus as poisons its life current and threatens death to our western civilization, shall the Church of Christ keep silent, do nothing? Shall the church withhold its hand from saving, not an individual, but a civilization, because it may appear to interfere, or may actually interfere, with the ordinary routine methods of city politics? Why does the church avoid every appearance of seeking to exert an influence in politics as though there were contamination in the very thought? Eliza Mulford wrote in the preface to "The Nation," that profoundest work of political philosophy produced by an American: "I do not believe that the teacher of ethics can avoid the subject of politics. I do not believe that there can be a separation of them in the thought of the people but ethics will become abstract and formal, the dry product of the schools, and politics be bereft of all its power, to become at last even a name of reproach." The Christian Church, the authoritative teacher of ethics, has permitted the divorce between ethics and politics, whereby the prophecy of the statesman has been fulfilled—politics is bereft of its power, and has become a name of reproach.

But

POLITICS IS A TERM OF REPROACH,

not from any philosophical reason inherent in the thing, but from the historical reason that good men have withdrawn from participation in public affairs and left them in the hands of the "low fellows of the baser sort." "Government is instituted for the common good, for the protection, safety, prosperity and happiness of the people." "The end of the institution, maintenance and administration of government is to secure the existence of the body politic, to protect it, and to furnish the individuals who compose it with the power of enjoying, in safety and tranquillity, their natural rights and the blessings of life." These words wise old John Adams set in the opening sentence of the noble Bill of Rights to the Constitution of Massachusetts. Such being the end of politics, I ask if the present corruption therein may not be due to the fact that church members and the church

have largely separated themselves from politics as an unclean thing and left it in the hands of the men best calculated to maintain that reputation for it? Nay, I assert that such is the fact. The intelligent and moral constituency of the church have grown so busy with their studies, their professions, their business, their money-making and investments, their sermons and prayers, their lofty contemplation of sublime themes and exalted achievements, that it has become distasteful and repugnant to come down into the caucus, the primary, the polling booth, and to make their way through tobacco smoke, the fumes of bad whiskey and the sound of profanity, to do the simple duty whose doing can alone lift our politics above such degradation to the noble and helpful thing it is designed to be and must become. The withdrawal of good men from active participation in public affairs has taken out of politics conscience and moral conviction, without which the individual or the institution is a base thing only worthy of contempt. If the individual is to be saved or the institution to be redeemed, it can be done in only one way—re-enthroned conscience in its seat of power, and let the man or the institution feel again the firm grip of moral conviction. Politics is so to be redeemed, or, a few years hence, America will not be worth redeeming. Does this not present a problem, not alone of the municipality but also of the church?

With too much truth the church has been accused of "other worldliness," or narrowing the scope of its teaching and influence to the things which have sole reference to a future life. We hold that the church can only measure up to the standard set by its Founder when it embraces within its sphere all that affects the moral well being of man. Wherever in man's activity there is need of conscience trained and dominant, there we come within the rightful sphere of the church. In civic affairs the church has vacated its legitimate position of authority as ethical teacher, until the government of the city has become a byword among men and a menace to free government. What is the duty of the church in lifting the municipality to its rightful place?

THE CHURCH HAS TWO FUNCTIONS

whose faithful performance is essential to the redemption of the municipality. The first is educational. In civic affairs the church has largely ceased or neglected to impart instruction. If it has taught, the state and civil government have been presented as secular institutions equally foreign to the church with any business corporation and its management. The State is a divine institution and its government is a sacred office. "The powers that be are ordained of God." In our popular government the people, who are the governors, have a sacred duty to whose performance at the caucus or the ballot box they should come with a spirit of consecration and devotion akin to that with which they bow at the table of their Lord or share in any other ordinance or duty connected with their religious life. Let the church keep before its youth and manhood the divine character of the State and the sacredness of civic duty, and the reform of the municipality will be begun in the removal of the disgust with which it is now regarded. Primarily this instruction must be given from the pulpit by a preacher thoroughly equipped therefor, and the fundamentals of civics should be here taught to the people with all the authority of "Thus saith the Lord." The man who is fitted to preach the Gospel will know how far this authoritative message is to be delivered. Pulpit instruction should be supplemented by occasional teaching in the Bible school, and by the organization of Good Government

clubs or a civic committee in the young people's organization which shall make this a vital part of church life. The religious press should sound the same ringing message until no man coming within the radius of the church's teaching and influence can plead ignorance in excuse for neglect of civic duty or for unrighteous political action.

The supreme duty of the Christian Church in relation to the municipality, however, is not educational, but ethical. If the disease has its source in the absence of conscience from politics by the failure and neglect of good men to participate therein, or, as one has tersely said, "the bad citizenship of good men," then the remedy is found in the return of conscience into politics by the re-entry of good men there. The church should teach that no citizen is a good man who neglects his political duties and fails to make his intelligence and virtue operative in public life. Neglect of civic duty is not consonant with a good life. Let the church grave into the consciences of its members that the man who proves recreant to his civic duty is as unworthy of confidence and respect as the man who refuses to pay his debts or to support his family. Let the church demand loyalty and faithfulness to all duty on the part of its members, and give emphasis to the truth that the man who proves derelict to a duty so vital and far-reaching in its consequences as the duty of good citizenship, falls far below the standard set by the church, and is unworthy of its fellowship. Such demand means the elevation of the present standard of righteousness among the members and officers of the church; it means the setting up and maintenance of a standard so high that the church itself will be relieved of the frequent charge that the church member cannot be trusted in business affairs, and will remove the disgrace of maintaining a moral standard below what is demanded among business men; it means the exaltation of righteousness, and the fixing of a single standard of morals in church and business and politics; it means the speedy coming of the day when membership in the Christian Church will raise the strong presumption of unstained honor, unswerving integrity, and loyalty to every duty.

It is said the church fails to reach the great number of men whose consciences need quickening and training with reference to political matters. I answer, it reaches intelligent men whose influence would lead and mold and control public sentiment and political action were they themselves awake to the wickedness of their apathy and indifference, and aroused to exert themselves for the regeneration of city government. The intelligent men of the cities are within sound of the preacher's voice. Too long have they slept while the enemy has been at the gates and tapping the protecting walls of our cities. The authoritative voice of the church ringing with something of the energy of the Hebrew prophet and speaking with all the directness of Sionarola preaching the regeneration of Florence, may rouse the people, ere it is too late, to drive from power the political boss and restore the man of character and intelligence; to degrade trickery and bribery and to exalt righteousness and conscience into their seat of power; to purify again the springs and streams of political life, that they may bring into the municipality the high conscience and deep moral conviction of the Christian Church; and to make every American city what Sionarola prayed and toiled and suffered that his own Florence might become, a very "city of God."

The Christian Church, holding its own standard of unstained official integrity too high to be reached by the arrow of criticism, training its members to clear cut moral distinctions which no sophistry can blur, quickening the consciences and deepening the moral convictions of all who hear its voice, rousing all to unquestioning obedience to every call of duty, may, so forth with steady courage and victorious faith to the regeneration of the American municipality.

THE FAMILY

THE OLD YEAR

Alas! there is no rest for the Old Year,
And if there were, he is too tired at last
To care for it. The merry echoing bells
Are muffled to his ears. They play his dirge,
And he can hear the pitiless blame of men
Who only tell of havoc he has wrought,
As if they say that he has stolen more than gold,
And have no tender word to speak of him;
He, therefore, turns his white face from the
world,

And with a sobbing sigh goes tottering forth
To where his grave is dug among dead leaves,
And he will find it presently at night.
Oh, poor Old Year! He has lost all his hope!

Yet stay, Old Friend! Great multitudes of
hands

Stretch out to hold thy hand in kind fare-
well.

And if thou didst not sigh so bitterly
Thou needs must hear the chorus of high
praise

That follows thy departure. Oh, be sure
Not one of all the hosts whom thou hast
blessed

Will ever forget thee. Thou hast won renown
By bold achievements and by tender gifts;
The world is better for thy stay in it,
And thou hast sent the Right along its way
To labor, and to march to victory.

Unto young hearts thou gavest love and
work,

Unto old hearts thou broughtest peace and
rest,

Thou hast increased the people, and their
joy;

And many of them, beckoned by thy hands,
Home to their Father have gone joyfully,
To praise thee to Him. Many a little child
Thou hast uplifted out of misery
To love and joy; and thou hast given to all
Some token which they evermore will keep
In memory of thee. Old Year, be glad!

Go home and tell thy God what thou hast
done;

And may we leave, when we too pass away,
A record of good deeds, as fair as thine.

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, in *Christian
World*.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

The Waning Year

The hurrying years may come and go—
My heart with joy or sorrow fill;
Yet evermore 'tis mine to know
That I am close environed still:
Forgotten not, though I forget;
Still guarded, though I wayward be;
Dear Lord, this is Thy love, and yet
How poor is mine for Thee!

—A. D. F. Randolph.

To remember that the ended year is one
step onward toward the consummation of
the plans of God and the full coming of that
kingdom in whose triumph is our peace, is
to change all thoughts of sorrow into con-
tent and joy. — *Congregationalist*.

One barren tree in a garden or orchard is a
positive disadvantage to all the trees that
may surround it. If it were cut down and
taken away from their midst, they would
yield more fruit. The strength and the rich-
ness which the barren tree has drawn from
the ground would then come to them, and
being rid of its shade and deleterious pres-
ence, each of them would get more light and
air and warm sunshine. And so one barren
soul is a hindrance in the way of others
bearing fruit. . . . How many years has it

been said of you, "I come seeking fruit and
find none?" And now another twelve
months have passed since the Intercessor
pleaded on your behalf — Let him alone this
year also. This year, too, is spent, and the
axe is lying at the root of the tree. Is it
not a time to pause and think? It was for a
limited reprieve that the Intercessor asked,
and the time is nearly gone. Take heed,
then, for there is a time beyond which Jesus
will not plead for one who is planted in the
vineyard, yet bears no fruit. — *Christian
Work*.

There comes this deep and simple rule for
any man as he crosses the line dividing one
period of his life from another: Make it a
time in which you shall realize your faith,
and also in which you shall expect of your
faith new and greater things. Take what
you believe and are and hold it in your hand
with new firmness as you go forward; but as
you go, holding it, look on it with continual
and confident expectation to see it open
into something greater and truer. — *Phillips
Brooks*.

The cycle of each year is like an open link,
which is closed at the end, on the ever-
lengthening chain of life. If there is any
event in man's history which will bring him
taut up against eternity, it is the last day of
a year that is dying. The effect of it should
be unmistakable. There should be sorrow
over a past with which none should be sat-
isfied, and noble aspirations for an opening
future. The past, at best, is only a blotted
page, which we cannot obliterate, but God
can help us to keep the future clean. Days
are eloquent in the vividness with which
they keep the iniquity of the past before
God and ourselves. Like grim spectres they
seem to stalk out from under the arches of
time, pointing to privileges abused, means
of grace neglected, and the Gospel unheeded.
. . . Life at best is evanescent; and the ques-
tion presses: Are we writing our names on
sands to be washed out by the incoming tide,
or on the tablets of immortal souls in God's
book of remembrance? If we deduct all the
days which we might wish had been unliv-
ed, and reckon only those which God has accept-
ed, life would not be more than a span. Time
must be estimated by the work allotted to it.
— *Presbyterian*.

Another year is closing around you.
Soon its horizon boundary will have fallen
behind you, shutting off forever this large
space of your life. Shall you need the last
red embers of its sinking fire to make vis-
ible to you with their glow the preciousness
of opportunities and blessings written in
invisible ink while they were enjoyed in
your memorie? Shall you need the last
level rays of the sunset of the year to slant
across all its past scenes to beautify them, as
the setting sun brings out the red on the
pine stems and the golden gleam on the
upland pastures? The close of the year
opens your eyes to realize how much you
have lost, how unprofitably you have spent
your time, how you have sold your precious
hours and days for things of naught. There
is no sadder word in the English language
than the word "gone." How much is gone
that you would gladly recall! How much
is gone that you would gladly bury forever!
How much is gone that has left you poorer
and weaker than you were before! A whole
year of life taken out of your little store of
threescore years and ten; how much it
might have done for you, and how little it
has actually accomplished! As it is vanish-
ing from your sight, and your eyes are
opened, and you see the beauty of its wings,
catch up after its departing hours, seek to
redeem them. And the last hours of the
year, with God's help and blessing, may do

more for you than the whole year has done.
— *Hugh Macmillan, D. D.*

Drifting out on the tide,
To the dark and unknown sea,
Away, away to the other side
That we call eternity.

Good-by, old friend, good-by!
We part with tender sorrow.
The clouds hang low on the midnight sky,
And the new year dawns tomorrow.

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

"You call a year short? A whole year?"
The child's dark eyes were full of amaze-
ment. A year means an interminable bit of
the road to a child.

"The years fairly fly. Their rapid pace
takes my breath away. From year to year
we seem to rush with a leap."

This speaker was a busy man, in the thick
of affairs, cumbered with urgent engage-
ments. The days were too short for him.
He lived in an atmosphere of eager and
intense activity. To him twelve months
were a short space. His point of view was
different from that of the child.

"Ah! the weary, weary, lonely days,"
sighed an old woman whose friends had gone
on to heaven before her. Sight was failing,
her limbs tottered, her nights were wakeful.
She had been a gay girl, a proud matron, a
happy mother, but one by one her joys and
occupations had left her together, and her
home was empty; her heart, one longing,
aching, throbbing desire for the coming of
the King to call her home. To her the years
were each very long. It is all in the point
of view. — *Christian Intelligencer*.

THE WATCH-HOUR AND THE
NEW YEAR'S CHIMES

LOUISA A'HMUTY NASH.

THE family had all gone to the watch-
service, and Grace remained at
home alone. She read a little, and sewed
a little, and then she wrote a little, to
keep herself awake.

As the clock neared twelve, she lay
back in her cozy easy-chair, stretched
her feet towards the cheery fire on the
hearth, while she listened for the bells,
with their dividing stroke at the parting
of the year.

Her home was in the city. The city
had many churches, with their waiting
bells ready in the belfries. In the
churches were many watch-services.

Grace opened her eyes and looked up
over the mantel whence the faces of her
father and mother looked lovingly down
on her — the father with the approving
smile he wore of old when he felt par-
ticularly proud of his gifted daughter;
the mother with the tender, beseeching
glance in her dear eyes that asked for
love in return for the love bestowed.

"Can they, as spirit-parents, to whom
space is nothing, look down and see me
now, and sympathize still in my joys
and sorrows?" she asked herself. But
she had no answer to give.

At this moment a bell, tolling for the
departing year, spoke sonorously in her
ear: "They behold the face of God, and
God the Eternal Parent sees you. Let
that suffice!"

The toll was taken up by another bell,
sadder than the first. It knelled in her
inward ear: "Count up the hours spent
on yourself." After a moment's pause
it knelled on: "Gone, gone, never to
return! Count those hours!"

She set about reckoning up those of

the day itself and of the day before, and was quickly bewildered in the count.

A third bell chimed in, in solemn questioning: "What have you done for others?"

And many faces flitted before her eyes that she had seen before—an orphan child with hollow cheeks that needed mothering; a girl with sad eyes that were mutely asking sympathy; a young man standing on the precipice of intemperance, that a word from her would recall to the path of safety; an aged relative who needed cheer as she was leaving earth; another sick and alone and wanting care to nurse her back to health.

Then toned out the Sabbath church-going bell: "I've called in vain and you heeded not; the sanctuary you have seldom entered."

One with a still, small voice broke in: "The communings in your own chamber you've neglected!"

"O bells! bells!" Grace called out. "You call my sins to my remembrance. They are so many—they break my heart," and her tears flowed thick.

Then sang out another bell, higher than the rest, as if it came from heaven's own belfry: "You have forgotten Me, and yet I have remembered thee!"

"Forgive the past," she prayed (her heart-beats keeping time to the rhythm of the old-year bells). "I am unworthy of Thy love and care, my God! Enter my poor heart as my King! Send me on Thy errands to help Thy sick and sorrowing children, and rid me in so doing of my selfishness."

The midnight hour was passed, the New Year dawned. All the bells rang together a happy, stirring peal. They reverberated in seeming words to Grace's heart: "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy sins."

A higher tenor swelled above the others in the question: "I have done all this for thee; what wilt thou do for Me?"

Then Grace felt her own self transformed, as it were, into a New Year's bell—a small one with a beseeching note that said: "Take my heart and make it Thine; my hands to work for Thee; my feet to run and do Thy will; my tongue, my every sense, to be hallowed in Thy service!"

And all the octaves rang out in chorus: "Amen and amen!" until the church towers swayed and shook with the mighty sound. Then there was a lull in the cadence; and the last echo died away beneath the stars, and there was silence under heaven for a little space.

After which they all burst out afresh from every belfry with a loud acclaim, praising God, and saying: "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness!"

And through the peal Grace's own heart-bell was singing: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and beyond this life—life forevermore—for ever-more!"

And so she kept her watch-hour, and the New Year was the better and the holier and the happier for it. For she lived out the message of the New Year's bells in her daily life.

Nashville, Oregon.

I PACK MY TRUNK

What shall I pack up to carry
From the old year to the new?
I'll leave out the frets that harry,
Thoughts unjust, and doubts untrue.

Angry words—ah, how I rue them!
Selfish deeds and choices blind,—
Any one is welcome to them!
I shall leave them all behind.

Plans? the trunk would need be double.
Hopes? they'd burst the stoutest lid.
Sharp ambitions? Last year's stubble!
Take them, old year! Keep them hid!

All my fears shall be forsaken,
All my failures manifold;
Nothing gloomy shall be taken
To the new year from the old.

But I'll pack the sweet remembrance
Of dear friendship's least delight;
All my jokes—I'll carry them hence;
All my stores of fancies bright;

My contentment—would 'twere greater!
All the courage I possess;
All my trust—there's not much weight
there!
All my faith, or more, or less;

All my tasks—I'll not abandon
One of these, my pride, my health;
Every trivial or grand one
Is a noble mine of wealth.

And I'll pack my choicest treasures,
Smiles I've seen and praises heard,
Memories of unselfish pleasures,
Cheery looks, the kindly word.

Ah, my riches silence cavil!
To my rage I bid adieu!
Like a Croesus I shall travel
From the old year to the new!
—AMOS R. WELLS, in *Christian Endeavor*
World.

THE UNEXPECTED

MARY A. SAWYER.

"DEAR me!"

Mrs. Hamilton rose swiftly from her seat at the sewing-machine and hurried into the hall to answer the telephone bell. A few moments later she came back and resumed her work.

"Dear me!" she said again. "It is so vexatious, when I told him this morning that we had plenty of cold meat. Partridges are dear now, too, for they are out of season. And I did want to get this dress of Gracie's done before dark."

She stitched for a few moments longer. Then gathering up her work she folded it away in her large work-basket.

"If I am to cook partridges for supper, I must have a coal fire. So," glancing at the clock, "I must get it under way at once. William is always punctual when he is bringing home anything he especially likes for his supper."

She reproached herself for this remark almost instantly. "Of course he likes a variety; why shouldn't he have it when he works hard to supply all our need? He grudges me nothing—why should I be vexed over this little extra cooking?"

Her annoyance was but temporary, therefore, and when she heard her husband's step in the hall she ran to the foot of the stairs and called to him, cheerfully,—

"Bring your partridges down here, William. I'm all ready for them, and the fire is burning splendidly."

Receiving no reply, she went back into the kitchen. He had not heard her, but he would be down directly, she said to herself. She went into the dining-room and turned the gas higher. He might come through it, and it would not do for him to stumble against the table.

A few moments later her husband joined her. His voice was cold.

"Why are you down here?" he said, in a displeased tone.

"I wanted to be all ready for your partridges. Where are they?"

"My partridges? What do you mean? When did I say anything about partridges?"

"Not two hours ago. You called me up, and said you would bring home partridges for supper. And so I came down to have everything in readiness. They can't be cooked in a moment."

"You will not be troubled by them to-night. I said nothing about partridges."

"You certainly did."

"You are mistaken."

"I heard you distinctly. You said—"

"I said I intended to bring home Partridge, George Partridge. And I must say I expected to find you upstairs instead of pottering around down here."

"You must explain my mistake to him. He is a sensible man. He will understand why I was not there to receive him."

Mr. Hamilton's face relaxed a little. "Partridges! Partridge! I can't think how you could confound the two!" he said.

"I thought I understood you, but never mind now. You must go back upstairs at once. Send the children down in a few moments, please. I'm afraid they are not quite tidy."

"Tidy!" in a voice which brought a swift color into his wife's cheeks—"tidy! Well," moving toward the door, "I'll send them down, and you must get off that calico dress."

"I'll change it before I see him. Go up and stay with him, do! I must alter the table and get up a different meal altogether."

"It seems as if a man never could bring home his friends and find things as they ought to be," muttered Mr. Hamilton, leaving the room in evident ill-temper.

At the close of the evening, after the departure of their guest, it became plain to Mrs. Hamilton that his displeasure had not been materially lessened by the appetizing supper she had prepared, nor by the pains she had taken with her own personal appearance. He stopped suddenly before her, after pacing up and down the room.

"When I bring home a man like Partridge, a man of brains and education, it is strange you can't appear as if you knew what he was talking about! If you don't know anything about history, for pity's sake, need you say so? I'd read until I did know something, if I were in your place!"

The tone, the words, seemed brutal to Mrs. Hamilton. She controlled herself by a great effort.

"I would like to read. I would like to

be a thoroughly well-read woman. But with the house and the children and the sewing and the cooking, I really cannot get the time."

"Fudge! Nonsense! Where there is a will, there is a way."

"Not always."

Mr. Hamilton resumed his restless pacing of the room. "I'd find the time to know something about my own country, I guess!" he declared.

Mrs. Hamilton left the room quietly. There was still an hour's work to be done downstairs, she said.

"Fudge! Nonsense!" retorted her husband.

A few evenings later Mr. Hamilton came home to his supper at his usual hour. He opened the door with his latch-key and found himself in an unlighted hall.

"Clara!" he called.

"Yes. What is it?"

"The gas isn't lighted, and the hall is as dark as a pocket!"

No response came from the sewing-room at the end of the hall, from which a faint stream of light issued. Stumbling toward it, Mr. Hamilton uttered an exclamation of surprise as he pushed the door open. In the one large easy chair sat his wife. Upon the table beside her was a shaded lamp. In her hand was a large book, and upon its pages her eyes were fixed. She did not look up when he entered the room and walked up to the table.

After a moment's stealthy scrutiny of her face, he turned away. He went back into the hall and struck a match noisily, and lighted the gas. Then, feeling his way, he went downstairs. Instead of the bright, cheerful dining-room, with the table attractively spread for the evening meal, he found darkness.

Uttering a purposely loud exclamation of disgust, he went into the kitchen. Here, too, was darkness. Striking several matches, he at last succeeded in reaching the gas. He rubbed his eyes when the strong light filled the room. In the sink were the breakfast dishes, unwashed; on the tables were plates of broken food; on the stove were the unwashed kettles and pans.

Mr. Hamilton strode through the cold room and called to his wife.

"Clara! What has happened down here? Has the range given out? Where's supper?"

No reply came. He hurried upstairs, breathing heavily.

"Clara, what's the matter?"

Mrs. Hamilton turned a page and read with absorbed attention.

"Clara!" shouted her husband from the doorway.

She looked at him for a moment.

"Not so loud, please!" she said, returning to her book.

"What's the matter? Clara, I say, what has happened to the range?"

Mrs. Hamilton turned another page.

A sudden fear seized upon her husband. Insanity! She had lost her senses! He stole softly across the carpet and grasped the book she held.

"Don't!" she said. "Pray go away. You are interrupting me."

"Clara! Are you sick, or are you crazy?"

"Sick? No. Go away, do. I am so interested."

Her tone was natural. Mr. Hamilton discarded his momentary theory of insanity. His voice became more imperative.

"It is supper-time! Where are the children? Where is the supper? Clara," loudly, "where is the supper?"

Mrs. Hamilton partially closed her book and looked at him.

"The supper? You said the supper?"

"I did!"

"Well," yawning, "I suppose it is getting late, but I must finish this book. I don't care about food, but I do want to know who succeeded to the throne after?"

"The throne be hanged!" interrupted Mr. Hamilton. "Where are the children?"

"The children? Let me see. Oh, I remember! You'll find them at your sister's. I"—

"At Helen's? Why in time did you send them there?"

Mrs. Hamilton resumed her reading. "Four days for housekeeping, two for my reading," she said, quietly.

Mr. Hamilton stared at her for a moment. Then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"I see! I understand!" he said.

He left the room still laughing. He whistled as he went down to the kitchen.

In a few moments his wife joined him.

"I'll see to things down here, while you go for the children," she said; "but, William, before you go, tell me this—Is it possible for a woman to keep up her education while she is doing housework, mending, sewing, receiving callers, and making calls, etc.?"

"I was a brute that night, Clara. You know more than most women do."

"No," sadly, "I have not kept up as I should. But I mean to, William. The children must wear plainer clothing, and so must their mother, for their mother must not be an ignoramus."

"And their father must not require such a vast amount of cooking as he has in the past. He must be content with simpler meals."

"The cooking is more important than the frills, the latest sleeves, etc. The time for reading must be taken from the unimportant matters."

Mr. Hamilton thought with a keen regret of the work he had so often thoughtlessly made for the patient woman who stood beside him. He stooped and kissed her with a tenderness which brought quick tears to her eyes.

"Two heads are better than one. We'll talk it over by and by. In the meantime, help me to begin the New Year well by giving me bread and milk tonight. The children will like it, and so will their father."

Mr. Hamilton went after the children presently. As he passed a church he saw a multitude of people entering it.

"The old year out—the new year in!" he thought.

He walked on with new purposes forming in his mind. The new year should be different from the old—there should be more time found for the enjoyment of life. Things should be made easier for his wife; they would make life higher and holier. It should be a new

year—a year of love to God and love to man.

He spoke of these thoughts, that were stirring him so strangely, that evening. He was alone with his wife. She listened with sympathetic interest. She said little, but her few words satisfied and cheered him.

He arose and stood by the window when the clocks rang out the year. Soon the worshipers in the churches filled the streets. Something of the solemnity of the hour passed from them to him. He looked up into the deep mysterious realm of starry space, and a strange new sense of companionship came to him. He found himself repeating words long half-forgotten: "If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee. He that keepeth thee will not slumber. The Lord is thy keeper."

Presently the sound of footsteps in the street died away. All was still again.

"The old year out! The new year in!" he said. "Thank God for the desire to make it a better year!"

His heart was full as he turned away the window.

"The old year gone! Gone with its burden of selfishness and thoughtlessness! The new year here! What will it be?"

The vision of the past grieved him sorely, but again he was comforted. "The Lord is thy keeper. He that keepeth thee will not slumber."

Boston, Mass.

THE EVENTIDE OF THE YEAR

THE eventide of the year has come. The trees upon whose branches the birds sang are leafless and bare. The birds have taken themselves away. The pasture lands and the meadows are covered with snow and the cold north winds sweep over them. The green grasses are withered and brown, and the flowers are dead that made our gardens so bright with bloom.

Some things on the road over which we passed are sweet to remember, others are sad. At some places it was rough for our feet, oftentimes because we went out of the beaten road into bypaths and thickets. We expected and promised ourselves, as we do with every coming New Year, to be better and to do many things that should be helpful to our fellow-travelers, our companions on the journey. Of course, in looking back, we see we did not accomplish half of what we intended to in that direction. And at this very eventide of the year our hearts are filled with regrets. But it is not wise to dwell on our failures in the past, only as it will help us to be more faithful in the future.

With most of us our lives are lived mainly in the family. Here are our successes and our failures made and the results known and felt by those whom we love best on earth and who love us best. Life has its sharp points, even in the home circle, and home may be made the sweetest place on earth, or it may be a place of disquiet and bickering.

Never was there more need of a higher valuation put upon the home life. There are so many things to decoy the father and mother and the young people away from the evening gathering in the home. The even-

tide of the year is a good time to think of this, for the eventide of life is akin to it. We cannot always be ministering to those we love on earth, or they to us. Homes are broken up, loved ones pass away from us. It seems unaccountable how lightly many who have the power to make a home happy hold that power. Outside interests have the larger part of their time and thought. Father is off to his club, mother is engaged in some enterprise—all right in itself, perhaps, if there were not the home duties and the children to be neglected by it. The young people have their interests in social duties, and in some homes it seems to be the aim to get out as soon as possible after imperative duties are done. The joy of service in the home is lost sight of.

"It was said of a beautiful Christian woman, after she had passed away from earth, that wherever she went the air was sweeter after she had passed by. It is such an influence as this we should all seek to leave behind us wherever we go," says Rev. J. R. Miller, in "The Joy of Service." "To do this, we must train ourselves to consume our own selfishness, to repress our discontents, to bear in silence the trials and sufferings of our life, to endure in sweet patience the things that are disagreeable and unpleasant, and to give out to others and to the world only sweetness and light, however keen our own pain or heavy our burden."

Is not this eventide of the year the time for us to think of making our lives sweet, and to ask help from our Father in heaven to enable us to begin the New Year with strength of purpose to make every one with whom we come in contact happier? Most especially let us keep our homes full of love-light, that those who dwell with us may remember them in after life as the dearest place on all the earth.—SUSAN TRALL PERRY, in N. Y. Evangelist.

Kindly Actions

"It has been a revelation to me," said one friend to another, "in my visit to this house, to observe the kindly acts of neighborly courtesy which are incessant. Nobody seems ever forgotten. If a daughter is going on an errand, she stops to inquire for a sick friend, or to leave flowers. Dainty jellies and nutritious soups are carried to shut-ins. When books and periodicals have been read at home, they are passed on, or sent to some one at a distance. The home has many little pathways reaching out to other and less favored people, and making them happy."—*Christian Intelligence*.

W. F. M. S. NOTES

—Miss Parkinson asks for three dozen English Bibles for her girls.

—Miss Vickery writes: "Every available space is occupied in the Institute by girls from twelve to twenty years of age, and we are refusing two or three daily."

—Miss Sheldon reports an Epworth League contest in Bhot, when a prize was offered for the best list of news items. The prize consisted of a lead pencil and a cabbage.

—Miss Mabel C. Hartford writes from Ku Cheng: "The mission boxes are received, filled as usual with just the things we want. I wish you could see the happy children. I never weary of opening these boxes. I am very grateful to you all."

—The famine in India will affect thirty millions of people. Grain has already doubled in price. More than three thousand orphans are in our schools, and the problem of the food supply is a serious one. There are more than two thousand native Christians in the province of Rajputana at

the point of starvation. The missionaries are endeavoring to provide for the children in the orphanages. Mrs. Lawson, at Allgurh, has taken fifty-two children and fifteen widows.

—The Prayer Calendar has been so cordially received that the whole number has been sold, and no more orders can be filled.

—The Annual Report of the New England Branch of the W. F. M. S. is out, and can be procured free by sending postage of 3 cents to Room 29, the Depot of Supplies.

—The W. F. M. S. General Society report can be sent for 20 cents each, 5 cents extra for postage.

—The copies of Darghelm are exhausted, and there will be no more on hand for two months.

—Miss E. L. Knowles has sailed for India, the call to re-establish the school at Darjeling being very urgent. Her friends will be glad to learn that Arcadia, the old school building, is still standing, though unfit for use, and some of Miss Knowles' property will be removed.

—Miss Clara Cushman has prepared a very touching leaflet for use in auxiliaries or public meetings. It is entitled, "The Wall of the Women," and is accompanied by a list of paying investments in the W. F. M. S.

—In the Girls' School at Puebla, Mexico, as a result of a revival, every girl and every member of the household excepting one little child, has professed faith in Christ. The teachers are very grateful for the record of the year.

—Miss Anna P. Atkinson is to start on Christmas Day for Nagoya, Japan, where there is urgent need of re-inforcements.

—Miss Florence L. Nichols in a recent note writes: "We are expecting Miss Stearns, and she will be more than welcome when she comes." Miss Nichols speaks of the work as going on well in Miss Thoburn's absence, but adds: "We miss her so much."

BOYS AND GIRLS

TOPSYTURVY

N. N. S.

"DID you ever know one of the Topsyturnvys? If you ever have, you know how hard it is to make one of them go away after once getting into the house. There are thousands of them in the world—way up in Klondike, far, far off in the Philippine Islands (only papa said he was sure Admiral Dewey never let one of them set foot on the "Olympia"), and, I am sorry to say, one of them is always at my elbow. He came to stay, a long time ago, and such pranks as he cuts up! He most bothers the life out of me.

"I'll tell you about one day: He got into bed the very minute I woke up and played such mischief with the bolster and pillows that Janey declared she had no patience with young folks who made wigwags before seven o'clock; he pulled my socks wrong side out and parted my hair crooked, so that mamma sent me away from the breakfast-table. That made me cross, because little Alice Lee was staying with us, and I was ashamed, but he only made matters worse, when I went back, by jogging my elbow so that the molasses jug upset and some of the sticky stuff ran on to her new dress. I was late, of course, and don't you believe if he didn't give me a bad mark at school! I tore up and down the hall, and I

couldn't find my books. Then Alice called over the baluster, 'Why, Jim! they're in the play-room behind the doll-house.'

"Well! Mr. Burr asked us how to spell receive, and Topsyturnvy got into my head, so I said, 'r-e-c-i-e-v-e,' and I knew perfectly well, just a minute before, that wasn't right. Then, after school, papa said he'd take us to the Zoo, and after we got half way there, I found I had Will's hat on, which had a big hole in the brim (Topsyturnvy had knocked mine behind the umbrella-stand).

"Mamma says he always gets into her work basket and on to her writing desk the days we children are shut up in the house; all her threads are in a tangle and buttons scattered, while the only way she saves the ink from spilling is to put the inkstand way up on the mantel-shelf. She says Topsyturnvy always follows his first cousins, the Hurrys and Flurrys, and that the only thing for us to do is to invite the good fairies they all hate to come here, and that will frighten them away. If you can find any way of getting Mrs. Quietly to fix things for you, and bring her two daughters, Neatness and Order (these are mamma's fairies), why, just please let me know. Direct the letter plain, for if the lines look higgledy-piggledy, the postman will never give it to me—he'll be so sure it's meant for Topsyturnvy."

Washington, D. C.



Natural Symmetry

A healthy, fully developed child is the result of proper feeding and sanitary surroundings. By proper feeding we mean, giving a food that is adapted to the needs and condition of an infant. Mellin's Food is that kind of a food; by varying the proportions of Mellin's Food and milk any modification may be obtained; with some foods it is only dilution,—more water, less food;—dilution is not modification. Mellin's Food is a true modifier of cow's milk; it makes the milk more digestible and makes it like the natural food.

Mellin's Food

I send herewith photograph of our baby, Mary Emily, who has been raised chiefly on Mellin's Food. She is the very "picture" of health, and like all others who have taken Mellin's Food under my observation, has grown rapidly and accumulated an abundance of flesh, every part developing with a natural symmetry. I have prescribed Mellin's Food for more than 4 years, and have reaped a happy harvest in each prescription. N. L. French, M. D., Wartburg, Tenn.

Send us a postal for a free sample of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Company
Boston, Mass.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

First Quarter Lesson I

SUNDAY, JANUARY 7, 1900.

LUKE 2: 1-16.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.* — Matt. 1: 21.

2. **DATE:** Uncertain: probably B. C. 5 (December). The habit of dating from the Christian era did not prevail until the sixth century. In making the calculations an error of four or five years crept in.

3. **PLACE:** Bethlehem.

4. **ST. LUKE'S GOSPEL:** Its author — Lucius or Lucanus — was born at Antioch (according to Eusebius), and was a physician (Col. 4: 10-14). He was a companion of St. Paul (Phil. 24; 2 Tim. 4: 11), and wrote also the Acts of the Apostles. After Paul's death, he preached in Africa, according to tradition. Gregory Nazianzen says he died a martyr, but common report declares his death to have been a natural one. His Gospel was written in the Greek language, probably between A. D. 60 and 68. The hand of the physician is discernible in the description of the cures wrought by Jesus, and the writer is "careful to distinguish between ordinary diseases and demoniacal possession; representing Satan as an agent from without in the former, and energizing from within in the latter," says Wordsworth. The genuineness of this Gospel has been almost unanimously admitted.

5. **CIRCUMSTANCES:** The world was at peace. A universal census of the empire had been ordered by Augustus, probably for the purpose of taxation. In Judea the people flocked to their tribal cities, where their genealogies were preserved, for enrollment. Among these Joseph and Mary, then settled in Nazareth, turned their steps southward to the royal city of David — a distance of seventy miles.

6. **HOME READINGS:** Monday — Luke 2: 1-9. Tuesday — Luke 2: 10-20. Wednesday — Luke 2: 25-35. Thursday — Luke 1: 46-48. Friday — Heb. 1: 1-9. Saturday — John 1: 1-14. Sunday — 1 John 4: 7-14.

II Introductory

It was fitting that a heavenly gift should have a heavenly attestation. It was fitting that He who came to earth to incarnate Himself for man's redemption, should be attended and announced. It was fitting that the Gospel which, according to prophecy, He came to preach

to the poor, should be first proclaimed, not to the cultured, but to the lowly — to humble shepherds keeping their watch by night in the dewy fields. At what hour the shepherds were startled by the sudden paling of the stars and the disclosure of a form too radiant for mortal eyes to gaze upon, we do not know; but such a revelation came. The luminous cloud which ages before had rested upon the Tabernacle, and which had filled the Temple at its dedication with such an awful splendor that the priests could not stand therein to minister, but which for hundreds of years had ceased to hallow the Holy of Holies — "the glory of the Lord," "the Shekinah," as it was called — now descended not to re-sanctify the deserted fane, or to convey a message to priest or scribe; not to perpetuate the old, but to inaugurate the new. In the centre of the shining an angel stood, and proclaimed to the awe-struck shepherds "the good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." A Saviour was born in the city of David. The Long-expected had indeed come. The "sign" would be "a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." And then, as though heaven could not contain its joy, "suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host," and the ears of the shepherds caught the notes of angelic praise that rose in glad hallelujahs before the Throne, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased."

Leaving their flocks untended, the shepherds hastened with eager feet to the town, seeking for the "sign" announced in the heavenly vision. In one of the narrow streets they pause at the door of the inn, and, making their way to the cattle-stable, which may or may not have been a cave at the farther end, as tradition has it, they find the Child wrapped as described, and lying in a manger.

III Expository

1. Came to pass in those days. — The Evangelist has told the story of the birth of Messiah's forerunner; he now comes to the birth of the Messiah Himself. Went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus. — "Under the power and genius of the celebrated Julius Cæsar the Roman republic fell, and the imperial government was established. He was succeeded by his nephew, Augustus Cæsar, under whom 'the world' of New Testament history was subdued." That all the world — "the inhabited world." Should be taxed — (R. V., "enrolled") — a census taken.

2, 3. And this taxing was first made, etc. — In R. V., "This was the first enrollment made when Quirinius was governor of Syria." Quirinius did not become governor, according to Roman history, till about ten years later than this. Zumpt, however, has discovered that he held the office previous to this time for a certain term; so that there is no discrepancy in the statement. All went to be taxed (R. V., "to enroll themselves") — to be registered, each in his ancestral town.

4, 5. Joseph also went up . . . unto the city of David . . . Bethlehem. — It was literally a going-up from Nazareth in Galilee to the hill-country of Judea. The distance was about seventy miles. Both Joseph and Mary were of the lineage of David, and

"David was the son of the Ephrathite of Bethlehem-Judah, whose name was Jesse" (1 Sam. 17: 12). Bethlehem ("house of bread"), the ancient Ephrath, is a small town six miles from Jerusalem. Micah predicted (5: 2) that the Messiah should come from Bethlehem: "Thou Bethlehem-Ephrath . . . out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel." Of the house and lineage (R. V., "family") of David. — "The humble condition of Joseph as a provincial carpenter in no way militates against this. Hillel, the great contemporary rabbi, who also claimed to be a descendant of David, began life as a half-starved porter; and numbers of beggars in the East wear the green turban which shows them to be undisputed descendants of Mohammed" (Farrar). To be taxed — R. V., "to enroll himself." With Mary his espoused wife — R. V., "with Mary who was betrothed to him."

6, 7. Wrapped him in swaddling clothes — mere wraps swathed around the body; not clothes. Laid him in a manger — a feeding trough for cattle, usually built of stones and mortar. No room for them in the inn. — All the rooms had been previously taken. Our Lord's birth was a parable, as well as a reality. He came to a world whose rooms were preoccupied.

It is common to find two sides of the one room where the native farmer resides with his cattle fitted up with these mangers, and the remainder of the room elevated about two feet higher for the accommodation of the family. The word "house," used by Matthew (2: 11), does not much favor the idea held

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by many that the birth took place in a cave. Yet as this idea is as old as the middle of the second century, it is entitled to profound respect (Thomson).

8. In the same country — the region round Bethlehem. Shepherds — probably devout and simple men, waiting like Simeon for "the Consolation of Israel," and engaged in their proper occupation. Keeping watch by night. — Neither the year, nor the day of the year, of Christ's birth can be determined. Tradition fixes it as the even of December 25. No argument against this date, based on severity of climate, will have weight, because we learn that in Palestine between the middle of December and the middle of February an interval of several weeks of dry weather occurs, and "the period of Christmas is one of the loveliest in the whole year." Dr. Schaaf claims that there is "a poetical and symbolical fitness" in the selection of the 25th of December: "At that season the longest night gives way to the returning sun on his triumphant march, just as Christ appeared in the darkest night of sin and error as the true Light of the world."

9. The angel (R. V., "an angel"). — Luke records other appearances of angels — at the Temptation, at Gethsemane and at the Resurrection. Came upon them — R. V., "stood by them;" not a vision, but an actual appearance. The glory of the Lord — the Shekinah, or radiant cloud, that betokened the Divine presence (Exod. 24:16; Num. 14:10). Sore — exceedingly. The phrase literally translated reads: "feared a great

C M

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10. Fear not — R. V., "be not afraid." Their terror must first be calmed and their minds assured before the angel's message can be delivered. Good tidings — the modern English for the Saxon "Gospel" or "good-spell." All people (R. V., "all the people") — primarily, the Jewish nation, but also all mankind.

11. Unto you — See Isaiah 9:6. Born. — "The Word was made flesh." This day — after 4000 or more years of waiting. Saviour — same in meaning as "Jesus;" "never used by Matthew or Mark; only once by John (4:42); often by Paul in his later epistles; five times in 2 Peter" (Wordsworth). Christ — meaning "the Anointed," or "the Messiah." The Lord. — This title, which is the same as that used in verse 9, indicates that Christ is Jehovah.

12. A sign — R. V., "the sign." One was needed and one was granted: 1, a babe; 2, humbly wrapped, not richly dressed; 3, lowly cradled, not in a palace. Manger. — The "sign" would include the unusual sight of a child lying in a manger.

13. A multitude of the heavenly host — a concourse of angels. The homage of angels was to be rendered to Christ (Heb. 1:6). The expression "host of heaven" is also applied to the sun, moon and stars. Praising God. — Praise is the natural speech of angels; but now they had a new and special reason for its utterance.

14. In the highest — either "in the highest strains," or "in the highest heavens," or "among the highest," or "to God most high;" "the highest praise, for the highest subject, to the highest Person, in the highest place" (Gray). Peace. — "He is our peace," reconciling man to God, earth to heaven, and destroying the enmity excited by sin. Good will. — The gift of Christ is the highest proof of God's good will to men. The R. V. rendering of this passage is: "On earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."

15, 16. Let us now go — at once. They believed what had been told them. Even unto Bethlehem — as far as Bethlehem. Came with haste — the eagerness of faith. Found — discovered, after searching. Mary and Joseph. — Her name properly stands first.

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OUR BOOK TABLE

The Puritan as a Colonist and a Reformer. By Rev. Ezra H. Byington, D. D. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston.

There is a perennial charm in the history of the men and women who made New England. While the love of freedom, truth and righteousness lives in us, this land will never weary of the story of the Pilgrim and the Puritan. In a very readable volume Rev. Ezra H. Byington, D. D., describes "The Puritan as a Colonist and a Reformer." He takes up the story with the departure of the Pilgrims from Holland, and follows them on their journey and settlement at Plymouth. The Pilgrims prepared the way for the Puritans, who settled first at Salem, then spread out over all New England, and, indeed, in process of time laid the foundations of the great States of the West. Dr. Byington writes sympathetically of the religious character and work of the Puritan. He admits their mistakes, but he sees very clearly that it was the religious life and character of the Puritans that gave them their power. He keeps in view the fact that the early settlers of New England never forgot their first desire to bring the aborigines to Christ. His chapters on John Eliot's work for the Indians and the "great awakening" under Jonathan Edwards are illustrations of perfect sympathy between the author and the work he is describing; while his chapter on Shakespeare and the Puritans shows clearly the limitations of the great English dramatist, who ought to have sympathized with the popular uprising of his time, but failed because he could only discern the secular, and the Puritan spirit and movement were pre-eminently spiritual. In referring to the Methodist Episcopal Church, the author says: "The rise and growth of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country has had much to do in molding the methods of preaching in Puritan churches. It has given to the pulpit an added intensity and directness and a wiser adaptation to its purpose of arousing men to their religious duties by following more closely the methods of the New Testament." We unhesitatingly commend the book to our readers.

The Four Gospels from a Lawyer's Standpoint. By Edmund H. Bennett, LL. D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.

The publication of this volume is a substantial addition to the apologetics of the Christian faith. Dr. Edmund H. Bennett was for many years the honored and revered Dean of the School of Law of Boston University. Judicial, but keen and acute, he prepared an address showing the logical reasonableness of Christianity as revealed in the Four Gospels. This address was delivered before important Christian assemblies, and was always listened to with unusual pleasure and profit. The substance of it was published in our columns. The volume will not only do much good, but will serve to perpetuate the hallowed memory of Judge Bennett.

Texts Explained; or, Helps to Understand the New Testament. By Dean F. W. Farrar. Dodd, Mead & Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

We heartily welcome this as we do any volume which helps to a more correct apprehension of the teaching of the New Testament. Dean Farrar is fitted by his wide scholarship, devoutness and love of the truth, as well as his confidence in it, to do the critical work of an exegete. And we observe this notable fact in this volume: he does not, like many commentators, dodge the "hard places," but especially grapples with those passages which have proved perplexing and enigmatical. There is very much in the book of sermonic suggestion or for the preparation of a "talk" in leading a prayer-meeting or a special religious service. To each book of the New Testament there is a short but helpful introduction and

characterization. Some brief illustrations are here given: "Titus 3: 10: 'A man that is an heretick reject.' Neither 'heresy' nor 'heretic' occurs in the New Testament. The word so rendered means 'faction' and 'factitious.' . . . 'Is not this the carpenter?'" The word is the only one which proves that our Lord actually worked as a carpenter. . . . 'This kind can come out by nothing save by prayer.' This is one of the four passages into which the unauthorized addition, and *fasting*, has been early interpolated by the ascetic bias which was not an original element of Christianity, but was introduced in it by Eastern and Manichean influences."

Religio Pictoria. By Helen Bigelow Merriman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. Price, \$1.50.

Since we have had a "Religio Medici" and a "Religio Poetae," the author thinks it is time for the painter to set forth the faith that is in him, since from the nature of his calling he has some special advantages for dealing with the deeper problems of life. We fear that very few people, however, will get much additional light on these problems from perusing this volume. It is extremely misty in its way of looking at things, transcendental in its conceptions, and adapted not to the general public, but to a very special class. There is much about the monist, the pluralist, and the empiricist. But there is very little clear statement, original thought, or apposite illustration. It is very difficult to discover what the writer really intends principally to teach. The chapter headings are: "The Ensemble," "The Values," "Individuality," "Personality," "Existence and Relation," "Recognition," "Immortal Life." Painters, we hope, will take to it, for ordinary mortals will be puzzled to get much out of it.

The Princess Xenia. A Romance. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Harper & Brothers: New York and London. Price, \$1.50.

An Englishman who comes into an immense fortune tries to play the part of Providence in a little German principality, and make matters over in various directions according as he thinks will be for the best. He makes a mess of it, as mortals must, and confesses in the end his failure. But meanwhile there are some very interesting complications and exciting adventures. And he achieves at last success to this degree, that he marries the Princess. The style is good, and the illustrations are by T. De Thulstrup.

Recollections of an Old Musician. By Thomas Ryan, of the Mendelssohn Quartet Club, Boston. E. P. Lutton & Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Ryan has done well in gathering up the reminiscences of half a century devoted to music. Over forty portraits of people distinguished in the musical world adorn

the volume, among them Carl Zerrahn, B. J. Lang, Lowell Mason, Oliver Ditson, Jonas Chickering, John S. Dwight, Ole Bull, Annie Louise Cary, Jenny Lind, Parepa Rosa, P. S. Gilmore, Strauss, Rubinstein, etc. Anecdotes of these and many others abound. The great Peace Jubilee, the Germania Musical Association, the Handel and Haydn Society, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and many other such organizations with which Mr. Ryan has been connected, are pleasantly and chattily described. Every lover of music will find these pages full of interest.

The Sky Pilot: A Tale of the Foothills. By Ralph Connor Fleming H. Kevell Company: Chicago, New York and Toronto. Price, \$1.25.

Those who have read "Black Rock" will welcome a new book by the same author with delight. The scene of "The Sky Pilot" is laid in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains among the cowboys, and "sky pilot" is cowboy slang for minister. The characters are real, from poor Gwen, thrown from her pony and crippled for life in saving Indian Joe from the cattle, or Broncho Bill, captain of the cowboys, and his partner "Hi," to the young minister who works among them and shows them the way of right living. He is a character not soon forgotten, full of earnestness and love for his work, yet very human. The author has sketched the vigorous, breezy Western life perfectly, and he must have lived among and loved the cowboys to so thoroughly understand and picture them.

Important Events. A Book of Dates. Historical, Biographical, Political, Religious, Literary, Scientific and Industrial. Compiled by George W. Powers. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents.

By means of a few easily understood abbreviations, occasionally employed, Mr. Powers condenses usually into one short line a vast amount of information covering the six thousand years of the world's authentic history. He does not pretend to give a complete summary of events, but selects those that best illustrate the progress made by any given country. It is history in a nutshell. The little volume is divided into eighty-eight chapters. It is a model of selection and condensation, and will be found invaluable for the desk. A complete index adds greatly to its value.

New Epistles from Old Lands. By David Gregg. E. B. Treat & Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

This is the fruit of a recent tour of several months in Palestine and the East. It contains thirteen helpful, practical addresses suggested by scenes on the author's journey, first preached to his own people, and now given to the public. Mt. Carmel, Mt. Ebal, Jericho, the Sacred Heights of Palestine, and such like, are the topics chosen. The first lecture, which gives a name to the book,

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consists largely of letters collected for the Lafayette Ave. Presbyterian Church from churches in Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, and other places. A number of excellent full-page illustrations add value to the volume.

The Surface of Things. By Charles Waldstein. Small, Maynard & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.25.

We have read the three stories which make up this book with no little interest. They are ethical and social studies thrown into story form, and deal with the science of conduct. The questions that arise and are discussed somewhat elaborately by the interlocutors do pertain in one sense to the surface of things, to human intercourse and the management of society rather than to abstruse philosophical topics, yet no little of philosophy is found on the pages, and the book is far from being superficial. The first narrative, "The Rudeness of the Hon. Richard Leatherhead," shows how an entire life was altered for the worse by one exhibition of rudeness and the resulting influence on the character of the man who had thus offended and was properly punished. The second takes up the social ostracism of the Jews. The third is mainly concerned with the practical benefits of scientific investigation and devotion to scholastic pursuits. We know of no volume quite similar to this, but we should be glad to know of more.

Lives and Times of the Early Valois Queens. By Catherine Bearne. E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York. Price, \$3.

The Queens discussed are three, namely, Jeanne de Bourgogne, dying in 1348; Blanche de Navarre, dying in 1398; and Jeanne D'Auvergne, dying in 1361. Times were very troublous for France in the fourteenth century, and this handsome volume gives one an inner view of life in those old courts where piety and passion, intrigue and valor, were very thoroughly mingled.

Sermons on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1900. By the Authors of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society: Boston and Chicago. Price, \$1.25.

The fact that this is the 25th series of these sermons speaks well both for their high excellence and the appreciation of such helps by the Congregational public. The Methodists tried something similar a few years ago, but only two volumes were issued, the venture not paying its expenses. These Congregational clergymen—chiefly from Boston and vicinity—have succeeded better. Thirty-three of them supply about fifty brief discourses on the various features of the life of Christ which come up next year for consideration in our schools. Teachers will find them very helpful.

An Unknown Patriot: A Story of the Secret Service. By Frank Samuel Child. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. Price, \$1.50.

A most instructive historical narrative of the Revolutionary War is here presented, particularly the occurrences which took place in Connecticut. Governor Tryon of North Carolina figures largely, as do several other well-known people of those times. David and Desire and their cousin Duane are the central characters of the story, and the reader will follow their fortunes with unabated interest. The illustrations are numerous and especially attractive.

Little Folks at Brookside. Easy Reading for the Little Ones. By Mrs. D. P. Sanford. Illustrated by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York. Price, \$1.25.

We have here, printed in large type, with syllabled words, thirty short stories for youngest readers. It is a book suitable for children who are just beginning to read, and those even smaller will be interested listeners and will enjoy the pretty illustrations of which there are twelve. Mrs. Sanford is the author of the "Rose Dale Books," and the "Little Folks at Brookside" are the children of Rose Dale, who as a child figured in the former stories.

Magazines

In the *Biblical World* for January a series of "Constructive Studies in the Life of Christ" is begun. There are contributions in this number on "The Place of John the Baptist in Gospel History," "The Temptation of Jesus," and "The Life of Jesus Outside the Gospels." (University of Chicago Press: Chicago.)

The *New World* for December contains several critical papers, with the discriminating and reliable Book Table, which is of so much value. C. C. Everett's scholarly article on "The Distinctive Mark of Christianity;" Charles F. Dole's sympathetic study of "Horace Bushnell and his Work for Theology;" with Frederic Palmer's "Is Nature Christian?" make this issue notable. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company: Boston.)

The holiday number of the *Magazine of Art* more than sustains its well-deserved reputation. Besides carefully-prepared papers on William Lindsey Windus, Lucas Cranach the Elder, and W. Graham Robertson, with illustrations of their works, and the usual departments, there is an illustrated article by W. S. Sparrow on "Iron Gates and their Making," and two choice full-page colored illustrations—Ellen Terry and Sir Joshua Reynolds—beautiful specimens of artistic handling. The frontispiece is a charming photograph of "The Queen of Samothrace." (Cassell & Company: New York.)

The December *Chautauquan* presents four beautiful full page reproductions of the Madonna and Child—"Mother and Child," W. W. Churchill; "Madonna and Child," Elliott Danglefield; "Madonna of the Workshop," Dagnan-Bouveret; "The Holy Night," M. Feuerstein. The department of "Highways and Byways" touches upon various topics of current interest. Some of the papers of interest this month are: "Par-

liamentary Reform in the National House of Representatives," "Mosaic: The Painting for Eternity," "Historic Architecture in Paris," "The Inner Life of Phillips Brooks." (Chautauqua Press: Cleveland, O.)

The December *Contemporary Review* is unusually interesting and helpful on religious lines, "A New Gospel and Some New Apocalypses," by J. Rendel Harris, being one of the most important contributions. "Priest and Prophet" and "The Venture of Faith" are suggestive and valuable. Dr. J. Guinness Rogers writes frankly upon "Liberal Imperialism and the Transvaal War." (Leonard Scott Publication Company: New York.)

"South African Problems and Lessons" is the subject which is given the leading place in the *Nineteenth Century* for December. "English and Dutch in the Past" is an informational paper by Mrs. John Richard Green. "Cromwell and the Electorate," by J. Horace Round, falls in well with the revival of interest in the great Commoner. "A Negro on the Position of the Negro in America," by D. E. Tobias, is a sane and intelligent view of the problem. (Leonard Scott Publication Company: New York.)

The Christmas number of *Photo Era* holds between its artistic red and black covers a wealth of illustration and matter of the greatest interest to photographers, amateur and otherwise. A charming supplement is "The Little Mother"—a symphony in brown. Osborne I. Yellott has the leading place with his article upon "The Photography of Clouds," illustrated by three of his photographs. Joseph Prince Loud gives us a glimpse of the "Second Philadelphia Salon." "The Technical Side of Mountain Photography" is concluded this month. The illustrations are profuse and of marked excellence, "Lady with the Venus," "Christmas Pies," "Winter, Clarendon Gorge," being specially fine. (Photo Era Publishing Company: 185 Franklin St., Boston.)



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Epworth League Department

In Memoriam -- Rev. Frederick Norman Upham

THE tributes grouped on these League pages, of which Mr. Upham was editor, are the responses, mainly, from those to whom the editor sent the following request:—

"We are to group on our League pages some very brief tributes to our deceased brother, Rev. F. N. Upham, from a large number of his special friends. Will you write a paragraph, not to exceed one hundred words, and send to me at once?"

The editor finds himself embarrassed by the manifestation of a peculiar fact connected with the decease of our brother. To a degree never known before in our experience, he impressed the multitude of his friends as having a special interest in them individually. For this reason there is an earnest desire on the part of an unusual number to bear testimony to their love for him, and to tell particularly what he had become to them. We have been obliged, therefore, to decline many tributes that friends have volunteered to write, and to curtail the length of those sent on request. Every member of his Conference could claim equal right to a place among those who here lay their flowers upon his grave; and many laymen have just as good a right to say "How we loved him!" Never have we known such a spontaneous expression of affection for a minister. A large number of resolutions from churches, Epworth Leagues, Preachers' Meetings and League conventions have been received, which we are unable to print. Even those who thought they knew him best and lived in the inner sanctuary of his pure love and life, have learned since his death that they did not begin to measure the depth and expansiveness of his blessed ministry to others.

Tribute of Epworth League Leaders

THE members of the New England Cabinet of the Epworth League have united in a tribute to the memory of their loved associate, as follows:—

We, the officers of the Epworth League of the First General Conference District, have heard with the greatest sorrow of the death of Rev. Frederick N. Upham, and desire to unite in the following tribute to his memory. From the time of Bro. Upham's coming to New England for his life-work, he has always manifested the deepest interest in the young people of our church. For several years he has been officially related to the New England Cabinet, and in every State and many of our cities and large towns his voice has been heard leading the thought of the church to better things. In conventions and cabinet meetings his words have always carried the greatest weight. Never moved by narrow prejudice or warped by personal considerations, he seemed to see the very heart of every question and understand the wise and right course instantly. We have been proud of his work as editor of the League pages of ZION'S HERALD, and his bright and suggestive visits from month to month will be sorely missed throughout our large constituency. Every member of our Cabinet found him a loyal friend, and trusted him implicitly. We cannot discover the Divine purpose in his death. We can only wait until the shadows are lifted. We pray God to comfort the smitten family, and assure them that they will always be tenderly remembered because of him whom we so fondly loved. Signed:—

REV. LUTHER FREEMAN, Portland, Me.
REV. H. B. FOSS, Bangor, Me.
REV. L. H. DORCHESTER, Boston, Mass.
REV. M. S. KAUFMAN, Ph. D., Brockton, Mass.
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REV. S. A. BENDER, Calais, Me.
REV. WM. RAMSDEN, Newport, N. H.
PROF. W. O. KITCHIN, Burlington, Vt.

Bishop R. S. Foster

Within recent months Death has made repeated inroads upon the ministerial ranks of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and our denomination has suffered irreparable losses. And now, with a sense of peculiar sadness, are we called upon to mourn the loss of a younger recruit in the field. The sudden and unexpected death of Rev. Frederick N. Upham will be felt in various ways, in varied circles. His pastoral work has endeared him to many; his editorial work has made him known to still more, and all these alike are suf-



THE LATE REV. F. N. UPHAM.

fering a common sorrow today. For the immediate family of our young friend have the heavens grown suddenly dark; yet the Star of Bethlehem lights us on our way today, as in the days of long ago, to a never failing Help, to the "peace that passeth all understanding."

Boston, Mass.

Rev. Luther Freeman

Rev. F. N. Upham was one of the noblest, truest men that ever lived. I never knew him to speak or write an unkind word. I do not think he ever had any bad thoughts—he certainly never did a mean act—he couldn't. He knew that I loved him. I am glad I told him so, and his regard for me was always an inspiration. What life of his years ever deserved more affection or honor? Who will take up his work in ZION'S HERALD League number? I do not know a man equipped with the peculiar qualifications to step in there. We had such a good, warm, brotherly time together when I met him last at our cabinet meeting at Willimantic—and I cannot see his face again. Thank God for the promise of immortality!

Portland, Maine.

Robert Chapin Parker

In my intercourse with Mr. Upham I had come to think very much of him. His was a rare nature. So willing, cheerful, hospitable and unselfish, and withal so bright, interesting, original and intelligent, it is little wonder that "but to know him was to love him." His aim seemed to be "to spend and be spent." It is given to few men to combine such readiness of speech with such originality of thought. It is sad for us to think of him as gone, but it is pleasant to recall association with him. To have known him is a privilege.

Westfield, Mass.

Rev. George S. Butters

I have known Rev. Fred N. Upham for thirty-five years, and loved and trusted him as my brother. Since he joined the New England Conference he has been one of my regular correspondents, even when we were only a few miles apart, and a close and intimate friend. He was a hard and enthusiastic worker, an exact thinker, a close and faithful student, a brilliant and magnetic preacher, a strong and healthy Christian, able to grasp and set forth the great truths

of the Gospel with unusual force and clearness. His tact and good judgment inspired great confidence, and his sympathy was widely and unselfishly bestowed on all he felt in need. He was the best loved man of my acquaintance. Take him all in all, you cannot find a better type of the model Methodist minister. He was true to his church, himself, his friends, and his God. There was not a false note in him. Of late he had been greatly burdened for the salvation of men, and told me as he went to Westfield he should give himself with new zeal to this work. He seemed to have premonitions of the closing of his brilliant career and

"preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men."

Somerville, Mass.

Rev. David H. Ela, D. D.

I knew Frederick Upham in his frail infancy—too frail, we thought, ever to share boyish sports or fight his way to manhood; in school boy days, the leader of his class; in the ambitions of higher student life, and in noble manhood, strong and wise. From childhood pure in thought and speech, I know not when he was not a Christian. He blended equal eloquence and strength with mental grasp and manhood mastery. In personal intercourse or on the platform you never associated feebleness with that frail body. As a preacher he stood in the foremost rank of the noblest young men of his Conference, blending the talent of three generations of itinerants—the tact, humor and pathos of the circuit preacher; the cultured strength and eloquence of his son; a breadth and individuality all his own, with a grace and devotion which sanctified and glorified all.

Hudson, Mass.

Rev. F. H. Knight

In Westminster Abbey recently an unknown hand placed a laurel wreath upon the grave of one who had been dead for more than two centuries. This illustrates the permanency of the sentiment with which man acknowledges greatness of achievement. In the freshness of our grief we place our tokens of affection upon the grave of a fallen comrade. We need no persuasion, for our hearts impel us. We admired the brilliancy of his powers, but we loved him because of the sweetness and simplicity of the inner life which evermore revealed itself to us. He was no enigma. No character was more easily understood. His success did not surprise us. We did not see how he could fail to succeed. His friendship was strong, because without ulterior aims. In honor he preferred others, therefore he was greatly honored. He did his one great work well, therefore there is nothing in his career to be forgotten or explained. We shall not resolve to keep his memory green, for we cannot forget him.

Salem, Mass.

President W. F. Warren

Boston University mourns a noble son, the New England Conference a well-loved colleague, the church a minister of rare promise, the world a knightly man. Count me a mourner with them all!

Boston University.

Rev. C. E. Davis

Knowing that others will speak on Bro. Upham's deep spirituality, his executive ability, and his literary attainments, I will speak on two characteristics which are of a little lesser importance perhaps.

I began my acquaintance with him in July, 1891. He was then stationed at Reading, I at Melrose. We were at the Chautauque at South Framingham. On Saturday we went home to preach. We journeyed together on our wheels. That ride was a revelation to me. I found him out. Since then he has been simply "Fred" to me. What a companionable, whole-souled, transparent fellow he was!

He had not an enemy in the world, yet he was a battle-axe. Brethren, do you remember how he got us together one Monday in the committee room, and with the sweetest spirit but sternest vigor made a personal attack on one of our number who was about to do what he and we all

thought was unwise and likely to seriously injure our loved church? He was forceful and logical in his speech, he carried his point, but such was his Christlikeness that the brother whom he personally opposed never had the slightest feeling against him. Fred was a wonderful fellow. We shall not look on his life again for many a day.

Lynn, Mass.

Rev. Franklin Hamilton

Brother Upham and I were close friends from childhood. We went together to the Indianapolis League Convention last summer. He then was ill, and asked me to occupy the same room with him at the hotel and to accompany him home—he felt so uncertain of himself. His sufferings were most touching. And yet, patient and uncomplaining through it all, he made a wonderful address and wrote a luminous report for ZION'S HERALD.

This illustrates his whole life. Always sweet, gentle and patient, he was yet a soul of fire. He was a true Damascus blade whose edge and temper keen soon wore the scabbard out. As now we review this life, not boastful of goodness, not colored by any pretense, and yet so singularly beautiful, we recall those lines of Milton:—

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair."
Boston, Mass.

Rev. J. O. Knowles, D. D.

He was royally born, rarely envied, and, better still, born from above; divinely called, he was loyally devoted; divinely moved, he was honey-laden by ceaseless activity; his physical frailty was made giant's strength by masterful, insatiate love; he was many-sided because abounding grace develops full manhood; he was brilliant because his crystal soul had constantly the lapidarian ministry of toil and suffering, and the divine image was reflected from every facet; his inherited and divinely renewed nature, loving truth only, made him the fearless champion of right and the uncompromising foe of wrong; a poet, transfigured by the passion of the living Christ, he was a masterful preacher of His Word; he was a soul-winner; and loving unstintedly, and being loved by all, he was like a swift meteor on his appointed way, consuming in rare beauty and leaving no darkness behind, but a path of light to the throne of God and the forever-brightening splendors of eternal day.

Springfield, Mass.

Rev. L. H. Dorchester

Fred Upham has been a dear friend of mine from boyhood—prized, admired and beloved. How genial, how gifted! with the tenderness of refined womanhood, and the strong qualities of robust manhood. There was not a lazy bone in his body, nor a selfish streak in his soul. He was perpetual motion; for him to live was Christ. Battling against chronic physical disabilities, he wrought as a hero, never complaining, always optimistic, leaving behind a record such as might well belong to the most rugged person. How we shall miss "Fred!" But he breathes easier now, serving without suffering. Angelic messengers must fly on swiftest wings to pass him in the heavenly service.

Boston, Mass.

Rev. George S. Chadbourne, D. D.

As a rare and costly jewel in a fragile casket, so was the soul of Frederick N. Upham in the body in which he dwelt among us here. The casket is now broken, and the jewel has passed from our sight. I knew him in some of the experiences of his early life. They were marked by trial and suffering, and in them he displayed those qualities which were the prophecy and promise of what he afterward became. They contributed much to produce that strong and beautiful character on which we gazed for a time with admiration and love, and now cherish as a fragrant memory.

Medford, Mass.

Rev. William R. Clark, D. D.

A few years since, I had occasion officially to cross the path of our lamented friend, much to my regret and to his bitter disappointment. Warm friends of many years, we were pitted against one another in a practical issue allow-

ing the right of way to but one. He, with high loyalty to his Master's cause, with voice swelling to its boldest note, with action masterful and vanquishing, eyes flashing with the fire of conviction, pressed his request. I, under pressure of responsibility, was equally firm. Yet in this encounter, similar to that in which great souls often weaken, Paul and Barnabas not excepted, I could no more think of the slightest cooling of his love for me than I could conceive of darkness in a sunbeam. This is a key to that beautiful life which won all hearts and gave to his ministry apostolic power.

Cambridge, Mass.

Rev. A. C. Skinner

A stranger in Boston, I met my dear brother, Rev. Frederick N. Upham, for the first time in 1892. He has occupied a distinct place in my heart ever since. I feel today the pressure of his warm hand. Acquaintance merged into friendship. The better I knew him, the more I loved him. A good man, sterling, frank, brotherly, he approached my ideal of a minister of the Gospel of the grace of God. His memory is a sacred and abiding inspiration.

Springfield, Mass.

Rev. William T. Worth

I have known Bro. Upham all his life. He was always sunny-hearted. He was a great favorite with his Grandfather Upham. They were much in each other's society. When he was a child he gave striking illustrations of his religious inclination during a little fishing trip which they made. The boy was waiting for a bite, and looking into his grandfather's face, he said: "My! if I should get a fish, I think I would say 'Hallelujah!'" I knew him well, and greatly appreciated his ability and devotion. He was chairman of my executive committee during my year's service as president of the Boston Preachers' Meeting; and the special success of that year was largely due to his intelligent and faithful service. He comes early to his crown, but he has not gone from us, by any means.

His work has immortalized him. At our parsonage we often think of and pray for the grieving household.

Auburndale, Mass.

Prof. H. G. Mitchell

The death of Brother Upham is a serious loss to Methodism in New England. I feel it very deeply myself. I saw and heard him first in the Preachers' Meeting. I was at once struck by the intelligence with which he approached any subject under discussion, and the manliness he displayed in his papers and speeches. Later, when I became associated with him in the executive committee of the local Missionary Society, of which he was for some time the secretary, I found him one of the most sympathetic and unselfish men I had ever known. His memory is an inspiration to me.

Boston School of Theology.

Rev. W. I. Haven, D. D.

How we shall miss him in the Conference and the Preachers' Meeting and the club, and in those numberless occasions for good fellowship which occur in the wonderful brotherhood life of our ministry—"he the life and light of us all." He was one of the freshest, quaintest minds we have ever had in New England. He never said anything in an ordinary way; there was always some by-path or corner which he took that brought you a new outlook even upon familiar truths. He was always interesting, and never had to struggle for it apparently. He was a born writer, and the Epworth movement owes much, not in New England alone, to his bright, suggestive, inspiring words.

Bible House, New York.

Rev. J. W. Lindsay, D. D.

I knew Rev. F. N. Upham all through his student course at the College of Liberal Arts, Boston University. Studious in his habits, irreplicable in his life, he gave promise of the marked success he achieved in his ministry. His

(Continued on Page 1680)

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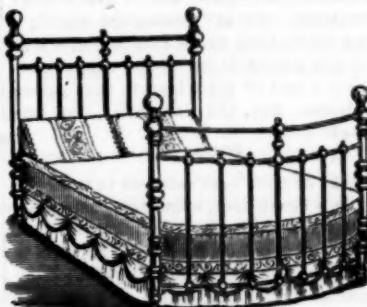
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League Prayer Meeting Topics for January

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, Ph. D.

January 7 — Prayer that Obtains. Luke 11: 5-13; 18: 2-5. (A meeting of preparation for the Week of Prayer.)

Week of Prayer — that hallowed week among the first few days of the new, untried year. How appropriate and beautiful to give these bright new days especially to prayer, to blessed communion with God! Heart speaks to heart the whole world round, and all praying souls are lifted nearer to heaven. Hereby a serene, restful influence is imparted to mankind, which shall not vanish till the knell of another parting year pierces the frosty air. Let us observe the Week of Prayer. Let it enrich and nerve us for the manifold duties which the coming weeks will impose. May God make this prayer-week of 1900 the grandest one thus far in human history!

The never-surrender spirit is lauded in Luke 11: 5-13. Not on the ground of friendship is this prayer granted; that is not enough to procure what is asked; something additional is required. Importunity is the lever that lifts the desired blessing, and places it where needed.

"This repeated, earnest call
Brings at last the rich supply;
He will rise and give him all
For his importunity."

ELEMENTS OF OBTAINING PRAYER

1. Intense desire manifested in persistence (verses 5-9). If a selfish man can be moved by the persevering urgency of a suppliant, how much more will our Heavenly Father grant our petitions if we continue praying to Him.

2. Believing (verses 10-12). It trusts in God's promises. It takes Him at His word.

3. Spiritual purpose (verse 13). While we pray even for temporal things, it should be with spiritual motives.

"Bless the promise of Thy Word:
Ye shall never ask in vain;
All we ask Thou wilt afford
If we knock and knock again."

FULCRUMS

1. "In the midnight of my woe,
In the darkest hour of sin,
If I to my Saviour go,
He will rise and let me in."

2. Macdonald, in "Sir Gibbie," speaks of Janet as one who never said she prayed. She held the gate open. So we must hold the soul's gate open, and not close it against the answers all ready to be granted us. We should not do as callers sometimes do — ring the door-bell and go away before the friends within have time to open the door.

3. If you ride on the Empire State express from New York to Albany, you will be at the mercy of a little bronzed, weather-beaten engineer — one hand on the throttle, and the other ready to grasp the air-brake. The little man of fifty summers keeps his eyes fixed on the two lines of glistening steel; but his heart is elsewhere fixed. His lips move all the time you speed along a mile a minute. The fireman, being asked why the engineer kept moving his lips, replied: "He allus prays on a fast run. Twenty years he's run on this road with never an accident. The pluckiest man that ever kicked a gage-cock, he is."

4. "If I ask, I shall receive;
If I seek Him, I shall find;
If I knock, He'll rise and give,
Full of mercy, loving, kind."

The real value of prayer depends upon its

constancy as a continuous way of living. Prayer is not a single act, but a state of the soul which brings it into communion and harmony with God. A great evangelist once said, "There is only one thing I am afraid of, and that is, that I will not pray enough." Is it not supremely important for all of us to take more time for prayer? In this new year let us observe "the morning watch." Devote at least ten minutes every morning to special communion with God.

January 14 — In the Far Country. Luke 15: 11-24.

EMBER GLEAMS

There is a glow at the hearthstone, in the cheerful fireplace. Peace and prosperity reign throughout the household. Plenty abounds on every hand. Thrift is crowned with gratitude. Domestic affection flows from heart to heart. How charming is such a home! What on earth can be more like heaven?

MUTTERINGS

A change threatens the home-quiet. A shudder jars the finer sensibilities of the parent. Fear and dread of some impending evil gnaws at the heartstrings. Sadness broods within and casts its shadow over all. Some evil spirit has possessed the youngest son. His dissatisfaction jars every delicate note of the family harp and sours every hope. As the only expedient under the circumstances, he is granted his wish, and the home is robbed of far more than a single inmate.

STEPS

The first step toward a far country was taken in his own heart. Selfishness started him away. The second step was not taken suddenly. Slowly it dragged along. We call the step ingratitude. A baser sin than this never enters the human heart. Selfishness and ingratitude soon led this young man to leap with fancied independence. What a treacherous step is spurious independence. Under parental restraint he chafed, to parental love he grew indifferent, to the serpentine coils of a cold-hearted world he would commend himself. What folly! What blindness!

THE WAY

Home behind him, possessions in hand, lightly he trips along. Nights of revelry soon become the regular order. He thinks himself happy. He is "seeing the world;" but it is a part of the world that is better unseen. In the gratification of the carnal nature there is a sort of intoxication that passes for happiness. But, ah! how brief, how unsatisfying!

PODS

The husks or pods here referred to were the fruit of this carob tree, sometimes called St. John's bread tree, from the tradition that John the Baptist fed on its fruit. The pod is somewhat like the bean, only larger. They were used as fodder for cattle and food for the very poor. Pigs also enjoyed eating them. It is said that they deaden hunger, but do not satiate. How typical are these of the world's remunerations for Satan's service! If we waste ourselves in riotous living, the world has nothing to offer us for our folly better than a carob pod of insipid and unsatisfactory dryness.

THE RESOLUTION

"I will arise and go to my father." Good! Diamond decision, firm, clear and beautiful, from whatever angle you view it! Farewell to riotous living; farewell to want and hunger; farewell to swine and husks; farewell, far country, "I'm going home." Blessed awakening! Blessed determination! Blessed

repentance! Blessed confession! Welcome home!

"Far off the father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran with arms of love
To welcome his return."

Read in the "Bonnie Brier Bush," by Ian MacLaren, the "transformation of Lachlan Campbell" for a fine illustration of the tender heart of the Prodigal Son's father. We all need more sympathy with wandering ones. Only by intense love for souls can we win them to Christ.

January 21 — Send Me. Psa. 6: 1-10. (Quarterly Missionary meeting.)

When visiting the Sistine Chapel in Rome, I was shown Michael Angelo's great painting of Isaiah. It is a condensed representation of his prophecy. He has read about Judah's desolation, and is sad. But quickly two angels appear with a brighter word. Closing the book, but keeping the place with his finger, he turns his head and listens to these late messengers from above. Sorrow rests heavily on his face. With pain his brow is knit. Absorbed with what he has read, he still struggles to appreciate the angel's words. The angel is eyeing him earnestly, and to assure him of the reliability of the new message, points heavenward. This visitant from the throne of God rebukes his sadness, makes him conscious of his uncleanness, and inspires him with such fine courage that he is ready for any service, any sacrifice. In a cause which is assured of ultimate triumph he is ready to enlist, and cries out, "Here am I, send me!" Could we fully appreciate the grandeur of the mission on which Christ seeks to send us, we should not hang back or hesitate. With bounding

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hearts we would joyously go wherever He might order us.

THE HEROIC AGE

Within it we are now living. Talk not of ancient or mediæval heroes; among the grandest in all history are those living to-day. They are in heathen lands giving up nearly everything the natural man most covets in order to save those farthest down in sin. They are on the frontiers of our own country living on small pay and suffering untold privations. In the South we find them close to the hated, persecuted colored people, sharing their sorrows and carrying their burdens. The slums of our wicked cities are blessed with these heroes and heroines who are spending their nights and days in striving to rescue torn and tattered fragments of humanity. Other hosts are standing ready and willing to plunge into the battle for souls as soon as they receive orders from the proper authorities.

OPPORTUNITIES NEGLECTED

While many are responding so grandly to the Master's call for laborers, how sad that multitudes even of professed Christians seem indifferent. They are selfishly seeking their own ease and comfort. How sad and dreadful that Christian hearts can become so hard that they are not touched by the claims of the lost or the sufferings of Christ for their salvation. Of such it may be truly said,—

"He lives for himself, he thinks for himself,
For himself, and none beside;
Just as if Jesus had never lived,
As if He had never died."

In this day of glorious opportunity every soldier of Christ should be eager for effective service. When Waterloo's decisive hour of battle came, the English troops were lying in the trenches awaiting the onslaught of the foe. They were ordered not to fire until the French were close at hand. While silently lying there, Wellington rode up and down the lines saying over and over again, "What will England say to you if you falter now?" He repeated this question so often that it burned into every soldier's heart until each one felt that the honor of England was his honor. Thus they became invincible. What will perishing millions say if we falter now? What will Christ say if we are worldly and lukewarm in the present crisis?

"They are dying by millions! Yes, millions!
All over the world's wide lands;
In Africa, India and China,
Can you sit with idle hands?"

No! Let us arise with new vigor in this first month of the new year and say to Christ, "Send me; if not in person to foreign fields, send me in my more generous giving, in my more frequent prayers for mission work, in my deeper sympathies with those who die without a Saviour."

INCENTIVES

1. Those who respond sincerely, "Send me," come into harmony with the blessed Son of God.
2. It is doing the very kind of work that Jesus would do if here in the body.
3. He recognizes it as done unto Him. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Wonderful saying! Marvelous truth!
4. Bishop Brooks says truly: "No man has come to true greatness who has not felt, in some degree, that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him is given for mankind."
5. Our lineage is heathen. Missionary enterprise rescued us from paganism. Gratitude for our own emancipation and love for our brethren, the heathen of all countries, should move us with mighty impulse to engage in missionary work.
6. It is said that the Moravians put these questions to every person who joins them:

"Do you intend to be a missionary? If not, how much will you contribute towards the support of a substitute?"

7. How splendid and inspiring this new pledge suggested by President Clark: "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I will make money for Him. I will at the earliest possible moment support, through my own denominational board, one or more workers in the home or foreign field." The time is coming when every Christian will go or send, or at least aid in sending.

8. Nothing will so intensify the spirit of missions among Christians as a genuine widespread revival. Let us constantly pray, "O Lord, revive Thy work!" And allow Him to send us to any service that is calculated to promote this grand work.

January 28—Lessons for Simon and Us. Luke 7: 36-50. (Day of Prayer for Colleges.)

The invitations have been extended and accepted. Simon of Galilee, a wealthy Pharisee, is the host. As guest after guest arrives, the servants show them the usual courtesies. From their sandaled feet the dust of the road is washed. Over their heads sweet olive oil is poured to soften the parched skin. Christ arrives, but does not receive these attentions—just why is not entirely clear.

The uninvited guest who comes is a notorious character—a woman who has been a sinner. Quietly she glides into the banquet-room. No veil conceals her face. Simon recognizes her as one who is of ill repute. How shocking to his pharisaical sensibilities that she should thus intrude! What a compromise of his dignity! What a blow to the formalities of the occasion! Singling out Jesus, as He reclined at meat, she bathed His feet with the warm tears of an overflowing gratitude. Then, possibly feeling that those feet which had brought such glad tidings to her were too sacred for her tears to touch, she wiped them off with her hair and covered them with the kisses of a speechless love. What an unusual scene! Her alabaster box, or flask, she also opens and lavishes upon Him its rich perfume. Neither her offering nor herself would she withhold from Him who had wrought within her a transformation so marvelous. In her grateful heart she feels that she cannot do enough for Him.

1. The convert of a Danish missionary was appointed to translate a part of a catechism. In his task he came to the startling declaration that believers become the sons of God. Suddenly he laid down his pen and exclaimed: "It is too much. Let me rather render it, 'They shall be permitted to kiss His feet.'"
2. Love to Christ rises in the heart of a converted man in proportion to his appreciation of the awful perils from which he is delivered and of the love that rescued him. Some member of the family once knocked at the door of Mr. Pennefather's study. Being admitted, this saintly man was found in tears. Being asked the cause, he replied: "My sins! my sins!" Has our personal sinfulness ever so impressed and humbled us that unbidden tears of deep repentance flowed? The penitential spirit must precede spiritual power. Read Psalm 51, and mark the word "me" every time it occurs. Sin is intensely personal.
3. It is said that the depth of the Scotch Loch corresponds with the height of the mountains about. So the depth of our sense of ill-desert will measure the height of our

love to Him who has abundantly pardoned all.

4. "Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh, wouldst thou wake in heaven?
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
Love much, and be forgiven."

BALANCE SHEET

The creditor is God. The debtor who owed five hundred pence (about \$70) is Mary Magdalene. The debtor who owed fifty pence (about \$7) is Simon. "When they had nothing to pay He frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love Him most?"

"Surely he who most did owe,"
The Pharisee replied;
Then our Lord, 'By judging so,
Thou dost for her decide.'"

MY OFFERING.

"O precious Saviour, love me,
And make my offering meet,
The box of alabaster
In fragments at Thy feet."

How great is my sense of obligation for unmerited mercies! How winsome are the gentleness and grace of Jesus! Will I not surmount all obstacles and make my way to Him? Will not my ardor spur me to His feet? Will I not present to Him my costliest treasures? Can it be that He will recognize me and confess my name before His Father and the angels in heaven? Will my ears hear from His lips the dear benediction, "Go in peace?"

"Thou didst frankly cancel
The debt both great and small;
The more Thou dost forgive me,
The more I owe Thee all."

PERSONAL APPEAL

College students, of all young people, ought to have clearest views and keenest sense of sin's blackness and the charm of forgiving love. Each young lady ought to be too womanly to incur the guilt of ingratitude toward Christ who is ever her tenderest and most honorable Friend. Every young gentleman should be too chivalric to unite with the enemies of Christ in dishonoring the fairest name on history's page. The real test of human progress is the development of personality, and that which is highest in personality is its love power. This noblest power has its source in Jesus Christ. To know and love God supremely, our fellow-men unselfishly, and self wisely, includes man's whole duty. Nothing in this world will count for so much in the new century, almost at hand, as to be a high-minded, pure-hearted lover. Covet this, college students, achieve this character at any cost, and you will come into league with the finest forces of God's universe, thus securing for yourself the sublimest of triumphs.

Brockton, Mass.

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CHURCH REGISTER

TO OBSERVE WATCH NIGHT. — I venture to express the sincere hope and desire that every pastor of the six Conferences in New England will observe "watch night" with full services of preaching, praise and prayer. Separate services in each place of worship are always preferable to union services on this occasion. Make the service of prayer prominent, and expect to see souls converted. W. F. MALLARD.


DEDICATION AT OLD ORCHARD, MAINE. — The beautiful new church, costing over \$5,000, with vestry as yet unfinished, will be dedicated Friday, Dec. 29. At 2 p. m. the Lord's Supper will be observed, after which will follow Gospel addresses by Revs. Luther Freeman and W. S. Boyard of Portland. At 7:30 Rev. Dr. Wm. R. Newhall, of Wilbraham Academy, will preach. The dedication service will follow. Music by choir, cornet and Conference quartet. Saturday, 2 p. m., sermon and addresses. Pastors of Maine Conference are cordially invited to assist. H. A. CLIFFORD.

W. H. M. S. — The second quarterly meeting of the New England Conference Woman's Home Missionary Society will be held in Saratoga St. Church, East Boston, Wednesday, Jan. 3. Morning session at 10, devoted to reports and business. The afternoon session at 2 will be given to a memorial service to Mrs. George W. Mansfield. Lunch served at 1 cents a plate.

SARAH WYMAN FLOYD, Conf. Cor. Sec.

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OBITUARIES

Randall.—Rev. D. B. Randall, D. D., was born in Hardwick, Vt., July 18, 1807, and died at Old Orchard, Me., Sept. 8, 1899.

In 1810 his parents moved to Danville, where his boyhood days were spent. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, but he was not physically equal to the task, and was sent to school. At the age of eighteen he began the study of law. His mind was always of a legal cast, and he was always interested in questions of law. When nineteen years of age he attended a Methodist camp-meeting and was soundly converted, and though his grandfather, the famous Elder Benjamin Randall, was the founder of the Free Baptist Church, and he had been accustomed to attend the Congregational Church, it was natural that he should join the Methodist Church.

He soon felt called to the ministry, and on July 4, 1827, received a license to exhort, and on the 15th of the same month preached his first sermon. In November of this year he was sent, with two others, by the presiding elder to Landaff Circuit, N. H. The circuit embraced ten towns. There was an extensive revival, resulting in the conversion of about four hundred persons. He received for his services that year \$17.40. Surely he had souls for his hire.

He joined the New England Conference in 1828, and was at once transferred to the Maine Conference and appointed to Augusta, but was soon transferred to Fairfield. Later in his ministry he was again appointed to Augusta and also to Fairfield. For a long term of years he filled the leading appointments of this Conference, such as Portland (Pine St.), Biddeford, Gardiner, Hallowell, Lewiston, Auburn, Skowhegan, Sacapappa, etc. He served six years as presiding elder; and four times he has been a member of the General Conference. He was a member in 1844 when the church was divided on the subject of slavery. In the same eventful year he was appointed financial agent of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill. It was then in a bankrupt condition. In this work he was eminently successful, and it was put upon a sure financial basis. For forty years he was an exceedingly faithful and efficient trustee of this institution. He served as secretary of his Conference, and was a leader there and a tower of strength to Methodism, even down to the close of his life.

He was of a rugged build in mind as well as in body—and in mind more than in body; for though tall in stature, well formed, and of a striking personality, he always had a tendency to pulmonary trouble, and had numerous painful and critical sicknesses and several surgical operations, all of which he bore with Christian fortitude. His ministry was very fruitful in the salvation of sinners and in the edification of believers. On special occasions he would preach with great eloquence and power.

He was a reformer. In the antislavery agitation and in the temperance reform he was one of the wisest of counselors and one of the best of fighters. It was fitting that at Neal Dow's public funeral he should offer the prayer.

He wrote a good deal both for the religious and secular press. His style was clear, direct and forcible. In 1893 he published a Statistical History of the Maine Conference, a book of 233 pages, packed full of facts and figures—a monument of industry and a labor of love.

For many years, down to the time of his death, he was the president of the board of trustees of the Maine Conference. After his superannuation he served repeated terms as chaplain of the House of Representatives at Augusta.

The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Bates College in 1891.

Dr. Randall was thrice married. In 1832 he married Hannah Odell, daughter of Hon. Rich-

ard Odell, of Conway, N. H. She died in 1838. His second wife was Mary Gower, daughter of Rev. John Gower, of Industry, Me.; and for his third wife he married Mrs. Clark, a daughter of Hon. William Trafton, for a long time secretary of the Maine Senate. Three children by his last wife, who died two years ago, survive him—Miss Emma G. Randall, who has been his companion and comfort in his declining years; and two noble sons—Wilbur, a prosperous business man in New York, and William, the popular president of the California Female College. Both are alumni of Wesleyan University.

Dr. Randall was a very affectionate and indulgent husband and father; kind and helpful to young ministers; hospitable and social; a splendid debater and a fine conversationalist. He was conservative concerning doctrinal statements and interpretations, but progressive in methods and applications of truth. He was mighty in prayer. When he died the most conspicuous figure in Maine Methodism disappeared.

The following is a quotation from an editorial in one of the daily papers of Portland, where he spent the last years of his life: "There is no thought of sect or creed in the mourning which attends the news of the death of Dr. D. B. Randall. Long ago, even before most of the men and women who are now most active on the stage of life were graduated from swaddling clothes, this man had got beyond sect and creed, had won the hearts not alone of the Methodist and all other evangelical churches, but was known among the unregenerate even as 'Father' Randall. His life has been devoted to one cause—that of making men and women better, of lifting them up and improving their mental and spiritual state. How much that life has been worth to others, only they know who have come within range of its influence—and they cannot compute it throughout all time—and it was always in the right direction. What a record it is that he has made! Almost a century of usefulness! He goes now to his long rest, to his reward, and all men for all time will honor his name."

The account of his funeral has already appeared in the columns of ZION'S HERALD. The interment was in Portland's beautiful Evergreen Cemetery, where repose the ashes of such preachers as Payson, such statesmen as Fessenden, and such reformers as Neal Dow. Of such companionship and association he was worthy. "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

A. S. LADD.

Clark.—Hetty Elizabeth Clark was the youngest child of William and Betty Lowbury. She was born May 22, 1820, in Greenwich, Conn., and died in Springfield, Mass., Oct. 9, 1899.

Her father was a farmer, a descendant of the old Puritan stock, and endowed with characteristic religious integrity and business ability. Though brought up under Congregational influences, her warm and loving nature found a more congenial home among the Methodists. Withdrawing from the Congregational Church, she joined the Methodist Church in North Greenwich. While a student in a Young Ladies' Seminary in Whitesboro, N. Y., she became acquainted with her future husband, who was attending the Oneida Seminary at the same place. After leaving Whitesboro she taught school very successfully in White Plains, N. Y.

Sept. 17, 1843, she was married to Rev. Jonas Morton Clark, the ceremony being performed by her step-brother, Rev. Seth Schofield. The young couple went immediately to Wisconsin, where Mr. Clark had been appointed the previous year as agent and collector of the American Tract Society. Their circuit "extended from Kenosha to Green Bay and from Milwaukee to the Mississippi River." Here, in "labors abundant" and exhaustive, they toiled with heroic zeal and marked success until, the husband's health failing, they were obliged to return East.

At this crisis her inherent nobility of character shone forth. Weighed down with the cares involved in mothering six children and nursing an invalid husband, she went about her domestic duties and official duties with undaunted courage and undimmed cheerfulness of spirit.

After recovering his health Mr. Clark united with the New England Conference in 1848, and during his ministerial career served the church in many important charges. In his wife he found a helpmate indeed. She bore the hardships of those earlier days not only without murmuring, but with gladness of heart. While looking well to the affairs of her own household, she was of

great assistance in the parish work. She possessed a fine voice and greatly helped the music, leading choirs and praise services in the various charges.

Never robust, for the last fifteen years Mrs. Clark was a confirmed invalid. During this period of increasing weakness and infirmity she maintained a lively interest in her church. To the last she was a member of the W. H. M. S. and of the W. F. M. S. She joined the latter soon after its organization, subscribing for the *Friend* at that time. She read both this paper and ZION'S HERALD as long as she was able, saying, "I would not know how to get along without them."

Mrs. Clark was a woman of sterling character, of deep and sincere piety. She did not speak much of her religious experience, but showed her devotion by her works. Possessing strong domestic instincts, she labored unselfishly in the churches. Suffering from constant weakness of body, her unyielding fortitude carried her cheerfully through every trial. She was faithful unto the end. Her husband and four children had preceded her; two others—her son Ezra and her daughter Abby—remained to smooth her way to the grave.

Her body was laid at rest in Northampton, which had been her home for many years.

C. M. M.

Hamilton.—Mrs. Mary Hasty Hamilton, widow of Oliver B. Hamilton, died at her home in Lawrence, Mass., Nov. 24, 1899, aged 94 years, 5 months and 23 days.

She had lived in the house where she died for fifty years. Of her nine children six, with her husband, had preceded her to the land of the living.

Rev. G. M. Curl, assisted by Revs. J. W. Adams and C. H. Farnsworth, conducted the funeral service on Nov. 27, paying a fitting tribute to her exemplary Christian life and intelligent interest in current history of church and state, as well as her kindly regard for her neighbors and her great personal confidence in the Bible and the

HEART DISEASE

Some Facts Regarding the Rapid Increase of Heart Trouble

Heart trouble, at least among the Americans, is certainly increasing, and while this may be largely due to the excitement and worry of American business life, it is more often the result of weak stomachs, of poor digestion.

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Poor digestion also poisons the blood, making it thin and watery, which irritates and weakens the heart.

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revealed Christ, her Saviour. She was one who needed not to make a death-bed profession, since the years of her life sufficiently attested her faith.

Her four grandsons bore her body to its resting place in Bellevue Cemetery, where she sleeps till the last morning. N.

Hackett. — One of Boston's oldest and most devoted Methodists passed away when, on Nov. 16, 1899, at her residence on West Canton St., Mrs. Eliza A. Hackett, widow of Jeremiah Carlton Hackett, in the 89th year of her age, went to her home in heaven.

She was born in Gilmanton, N. H., and in early life was soundly converted and joined the Free Will Baptist Church, which was the church of her parents. Shortly after her marriage she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and sixty-two years ago she and her husband became connected with Bromfield St. Church. Thirty years later, when the family moved from the West End to the South End, she became a member of Tremont St. Church, with which she was connected at the time of her death.

She was of thorough New England blood and training, and possessed in a remarkable degree those singular traits that have made New England women so famous. She was self-poised, steadfast, true to every obligation, and faithful in the performance of every duty. As a wife, mother, friend, companion, she was a model worthy of all praise and imitation. Her hospitality was most generous, and she especially delighted to entertain her pastors and other Christian ministers. During her last sickness her pastor, Dr. Pickles, Revs. H. P. Hall, O. S. Baketel and Bishop Mallalieu frequently called on her, prayed with her, and listened to her precious and sometimes thrilling testimonies. She was indeed a genuine Christian, not in words only, but in faithful, loving activity. She was loyal in every relation. For more than sixty years ZION'S HERALD came to her home. She was an interested and intelligent supporter of all the work of her church. She loved all Christian people, but her own church above all others. She followed Christ with utmost fidelity. Her faith and trust never failed, never faltered.

The valley of the shadow of death had lost all its terrors, all its gloom, for the Saviour walked all the way with her. Her frequent prayer was: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" In her last experiences, while listening to the singing of one of her favorite hymns, she said: "Why, this is very strange; I can hear you sing so sweetly, but I cannot see you [she had been nearly blind for years], but I do see my dear husband and my precious daughter Annie, and other dear friends all about me. Isn't it glorious?" Afterwards she called her children and several of her intimate friends to her bedside, and with those lips that were soon to be closed in death gave them tender farewells, loving advice, and urgently counseled them to make sure work for eternity. And so at last she gently fell on sleep, and went to join the loved ones in the better land.

Her mortal remains were laid away in Woodlawn, in hope of the glorious resurrection morning when soul and body shall wear the image of the glorified Redeemer. Dr. Pickles conducted the funeral services both at the house and at the grave.

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In Memoriam -- Rev. F. N. Upham

(Continued from page 1669)

death, so early in a career of marked usefulness, seems an irreparable loss. But the record of his life should be an inspiration to all our young men in the Christian ministry. I feel that his death is a personal loss.

West Newton, Mass.

Rev. W. D. Woodward

The classmate true, the loving friend,
Has found of life's brief day the end.
No more his pleasant smile will greet
His friends in church, or home, or street.
The warm hand-clasp is chilled by death;
The kind voice hushed by parting breath;
Stilled is his message of Christ's love,
The messenger has gone above.

Yet still he lives, our brother Fred --
He lives, although they say he's dead.
It cannot be that such a life
Should cease because the end of strife
Has come to him who nobly fought,
And in his Master's vineyard wrought.
No! not such souls can never die;
They pass from us to serve on high.

We love him still, and in our heart
He lives with us, though tears start
Whenever we think we'll never see
His face in earthly company.
But in the city of the soul,
When time's brief years have ceased to roll,
We'll find that loving heart once more,
And stay with him on heaven's fair shore.

Cataumet, Mass.

Rev. C. A. Littlefield

I have never known a human nature that more perfectly incarnated the Divine. Some of us are good in spots, but he was good all through; some of us are well-endowed in particular things, but he was well-endowed in all things, except in body. He was exalted in thought, exalted in intellectual power, exalted in purpose, exalted in conversation; he was broad and catholic in his spirit, sound and mature in his judgment, wholesome in all his generous nature, and loving and lovable in every expression of his life. His sudden vanishing from our sight is an argument for immortality, for he must live somewhere. If he does not, then all promise is delusion. Going, he has taken a lot of my love with him -- and a lot more goes out to his father. His ministry has not ended. We will all be better ministers for "Fred's" life and memory. Who next?

Chelsea, Mass.

Rev. William McDonald, D. D.

Our Conference has lost from its ranks one of its brightest and most beloved members in the death of Rev. F. N. Upham. He was a genuine Christian gentleman, a brilliant, effective preacher, and a devout believer in Jesus. I have observed, with admiration, his constantly growing success as a Christian minister. He was a model young man. His sun has fallen from our ecclesiastical heavens at midday, with all its light and heat, instead of gaining a few hours, it may be, only to languish and decline. I feel sad -- not on his account, but because of loss to the church, the young, bereft family, and his loving parents, whose idol has fallen. God's blessing be upon them all!

West Somerville, Mass.

Rev. Wilbur N. Mason

My short acquaintance with Brother Upham did not bring me into that intimacy that reveals all the graces of such a character as his. One thing, however, especially impressed me -- his glowing earnestness. His whole soul seemed fused in the white heat of intense conviction. Yet withal he was no extremist. He was too sane for that; but, by absolute devotion to his work, and by the constraining power of transparent sincerity, he drew men to himself, and stirred them to renewed zeal in the cause that enlisted the undivided energies of his consecrated life.

Cambridge, Mass.

Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D. D.

In the death of Rev. F. N. Upham the New England Conference has lost one of its best and most efficient members. It has been my good fortune to have known him for nineteen years. His love and consecration for the Master's service was complete. He was supremely loyal to the church. I have been his presiding elder for nine years, and it was always a delight to visit him in his home and church. He freely revealed to me his heart. His love for the people whom

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he served as pastor was deep, tender and abiding. His life and spirit were a benediction to young and old. As a leader in the social meetings of the church I never saw his superior. He won many to nobler Christian living who already were in the way. He was also a soul-winner. Not a month could pass in the church he served without the revival spirit.

Brookline, Mass.

Rev. A. H. Herrick

In the case of some, "distance lends enchantment to the view." F. N. Upham was one for whom increasing intimacy with him meant enlarging affection and respect. He was loved as comparatively few are, because he loved as do few. He was genuinely unselfish. With him to be able to render a needed service was to wish to do so. He was genuine to the last fibre, and transparently honest. He preached the fundamental Gospel truths in such manner that all listeners knew that he thoroughly believed them; and so attractively and forcefully that many were won to practical acceptance of them. A jewel of inestimable worth, he was enshrined in too frail a casket, the early shattering of which deeply grieves a multitude who loved him.

Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D.

When, in May, 1894, I read in the *Methodist Review* an article on "The Pre-eminence of Faith," by Rev. Frederick N. Upham, I said to my friends: "A star of the first magnitude has risen in the firmament of the New England Conference, for the author of this analysis of faith is no ordinary mind. His grasp upon this abstruse theme is strong; his insight is clear and deep, and his style is vigorous and lucid. He is a sound logician rather than a showy rhetorician." Afterwards, when I heard him preach, I saw that he had a large heart and warm sensibilities to match his keen intellect. His preaching was direct, incisive and evangelistic, giving promise, if his life should be prolonged, of reproducing the successful career of the Methodist preacher of olden times.

Dorchester, Mass.

Rev. Charles F. Rice, D. D.

More striking, even, than Rev. Frederick N. Upham's superior intellectual abilities, were his moral qualities. His character was one of transparent simplicity and almost childlike purity. His disposition was genial and sunny; his affections were warm and deep. Such was his spirit of generous helpfulness that he gladly responded to the call of all who needed or asked his assistance, and far beyond his strength bore others' burdens. His devotion to his chosen life-work was ardent and untiring. Above all else, he was a faithful minister of Christ. He loved the work, and gave himself wholly to it.

Springfield, Mass.

Rev. Charles A. Crane, D. D.

Loving Brother Fred Upham gave me no distinction, for all who knew him loved him. But his love for me made me feel distinguished, and I reveled in the luxury of it. His gracious lips, his serene spirit, his heavenly heart and mind, gone out from us, are but confirmation of the truth that "The ripest fruit first falls."

East Boston, Mass.

Rev. John D. Pickles, Ph. D.

The death of Rev. Fred N. Upham is an immeasurable loss to New England Methodism. He was moving steadily upwards to the highest places in his Conference relations. Of sunny temperament and studious habits and consecrated personality, he won the affection of his brethren, the love of his people, and the confidence of all he met. He was a splendid example of the true minister of Jesus Christ, and well filled out the picture given us by Cowper of the Pauline preacher --

"the legate of the skies;
Affectionate in look, and tender in address.
As well becomes a messenger of grace to guilty men."

Boston, Mass.

George Howard Fall

Frederick N. Upham was one of the few thoroughly good men. During four years of college work, I was in constant association with him, and never knew him to express a wrong wish or give utterance to an impure thought. In his nature there was, apparently, no malice or vindictive feelings. He was a peacemaker, perennially so, a conservator of accepted truths, not a tinge of radicalism in his nature.

Malden, Mass.

Rev. William J. Thompson

His every expression in voice, look and deed bespoke brotherliness. He gave to that Christian relationship unsurpassed richness and preciousness. To think of him in all that belonged to the efficient and successful Christian minister is to call forth the best in me in praise. His memory will be with me an inspiration to abound in labors that make for such Christly living in others.

Newtonville, Mass.

Rev. T. Corwin Watkins, D. D.

Rev. F. N. Upham belonged to that fortunate class of whom it could be said, as it was said of John the Baptist, "He was filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb." He crossed the "line of responsibility with his face toward God;" so that when returning prodigals were filled with religious rapture, he had to be content with the Father's restful assurance: "Son, thou art ever with me; all that I have is thine." To those who knew him, his life was more truly an exposition of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians than was Drummond's "Greatest Thing in the World."

Auburndale, Mass.

